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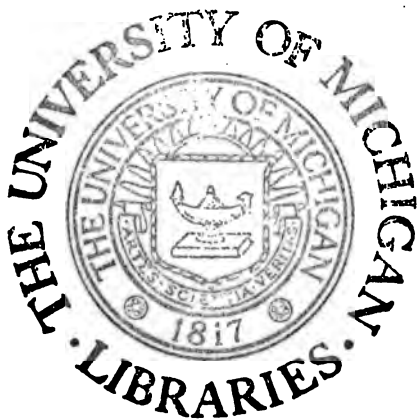
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LITTLE JOURNEYS
TO
HAWAII
AND THE
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

BY MARIAN M. GEORGE

JAT81

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A Little Journey to Hawaii

IF a magician were to appear and offer to conduct you to any part of the world and show you any one of its marvels, what would you wish to see?

Think a moment of the foreign countries of which you have read descriptions, and of which also your geographies have given you glimpses.

I believe that most of you would say, "I should like to see a volcano—a *live*, active volcano."

I am sure, then, that you would enjoy a trip to Hawaii (Hā-wī'ē) one of our possessions in the Pacific, for each of the large Hawaiian islands has been an immense volcano. All of these volcanoes are now extinct, except one. This is Kilauea, (Kee-low-ā'ā), the largest active volcano in the world, and the only safe one to visit.

Then let us get our maps, and take a look at these islands before we start on this long journey. We find them almost in the center of the Pacific Ocean and directly west of Mexico. They lie about 2,080 miles southwest of San Francisco—a six days' journey from that city.

There are said to be fifteen or twenty islands in the group, but only eight of them are of any importance.



THE COAST OF HAWAII

The others are mere stretches or ridges of rock, and are of little value to mankind. These islands look very small on the map, and their total area in square miles is only a little more than that of the State of Connecticut.

Hawaii is the largest island, and the one from which the group takes its name. It has 4,210 square miles of territory. The great volcanic mountains, Mauna Loa (Mow'nä Lō'ä) and Kilauea, are on this island.

Maui (Mow'ē), the second island in size, has 760 square miles of land. Upon it is found the largest extinct volcano known.

You wonder how these islands came to be here in the middle of the ocean, so far away from any continent. I will tell you. They were volcano-belched.

Countless ages ago their peaks first appeared, forced upward from the bottom of the sea by the action of heat in the earth. From openings in these peaks, water, gases, steam, hot ashes, and melted rock or lava were thrown up into the air.

The ashes floated in the air, gradually falling around the base of the peaks, while the lava flowed down the sides. More lava and other matter were added as the years passed by. In this way, and through disintegration, the peaks became mountains and plains.

Sometimes the force of the heat in the earth is so great that it pushes up rocks from below, all at once, and an island appears above the surface of the water. After a time the rocks begin to crumble and soil is formed. The waves, winds, and migrating birds bring seeds, which take root and grow. Grass, plants and trees appear.

Near the coasts of the Hawaiian Islands are reefs. These are sunken ledges of coral. These reefs extend along the coast for many miles and are sometimes very wide. They are composed of the skeletons of millions and millions of tiny animals called coral polyps.

When the reef reaches the surface of the water the coral builders die. They cannot live when exposed to air. These reefs are the growths of thousands of years; for often they sink as fast as the polyps build.

THE VOYAGE

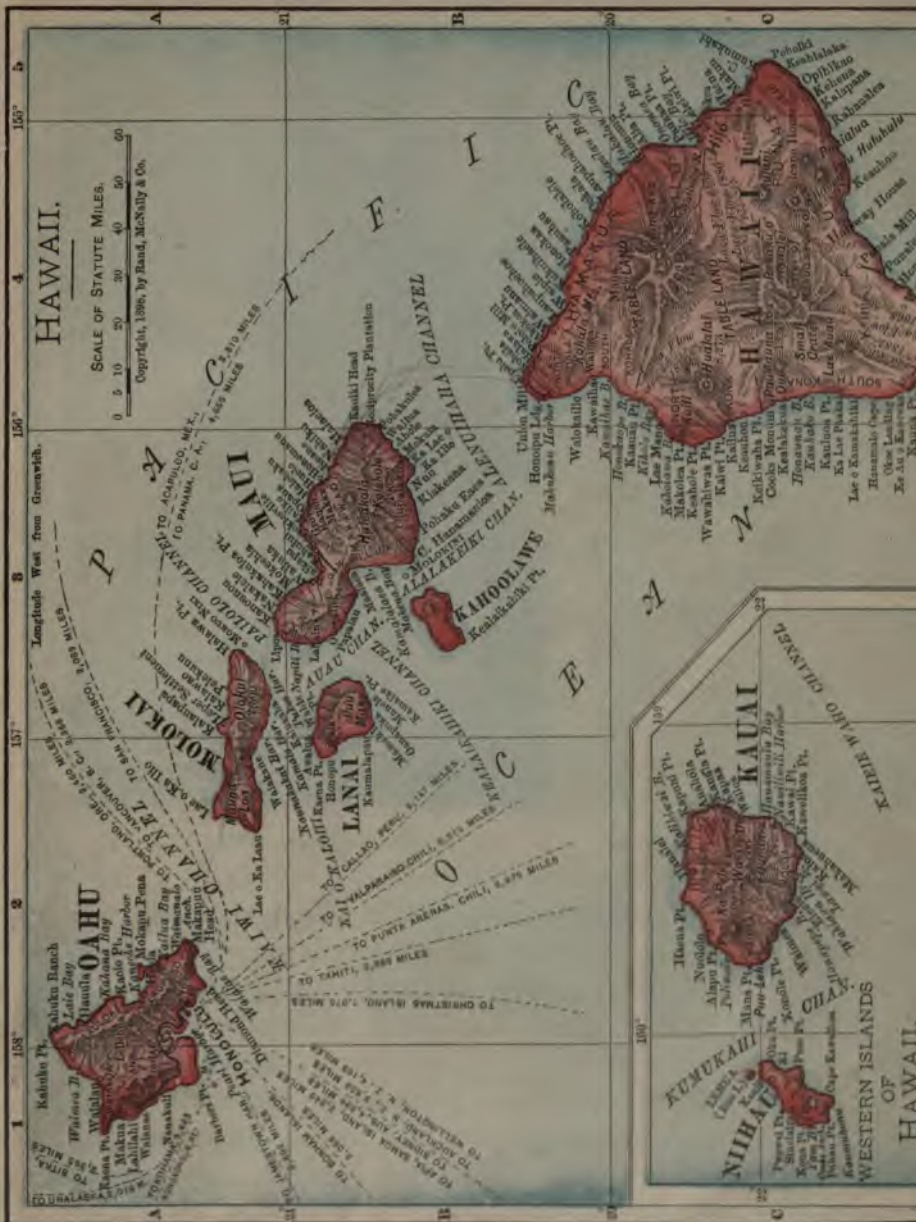
We take a steamer for Hawaii at San Francisco, Cal. Early in the morning a carriage awaits us, and with steamer trunks, chairs, and rugs, we are driven to the pier.

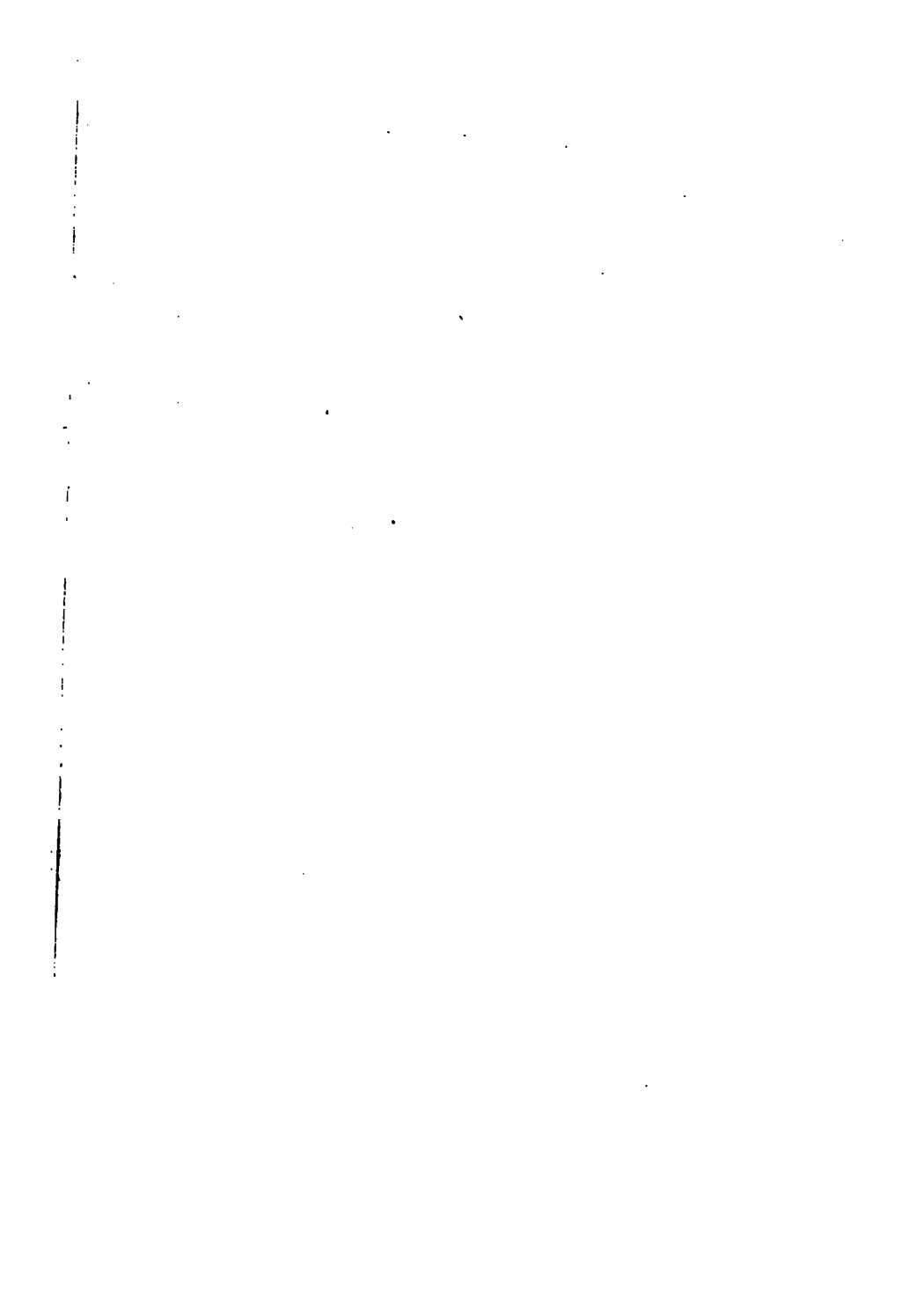
We see that our belongings are stowed safely away, and then we go on deck to watch the people who crowd the wharf. Here, also, we obtain our first glimpse of San Francisco Bay.

What a hurry and flurry! What confusion everywhere! The steamer is to leave at ten, and late arrivals are making frantic efforts to get their baggage aboard in time.

At last the whistle sounds, the steamer casts off her moorings, and with many "good-bys" ringing in our ears, we leave the shore and move out into the harbor.

The water in the bay is smooth, and the ship glides swiftly along. At the narrow entrance to the bay are two high cliffs that rise opposite each other. The passage between these, we find, is called the Golden Gate. Through this we pass, and as we reach the waters of the ocean, the steamer begins to plunge and toss about.







QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

We are surprised at this. We had always supposed the Pacific to be calm and smooth, because of its name, which means "tranquil" or "quiet."

Though it is winter, the weather is warm enough to allow us to sit on deck; and here we watch the changing sea and sky.

The sea gulls interest us, also. These big white birds in countless numbers fly in and out among

the rigging, uttering shrill cries, or skim along, almost floating on the water, beside the ship. The gulls are never harmed, for they are useful as scavengers, in removing decaying food and other matter thrown into the ocean.

The steamship company provides much for our comfort and amusement. There are musical instruments for concerts. There are books in the ship's library for those who love reading. There are fine cabins



SANFORD B. DOLE
Former President of Hawaii

where we may sit when the weather makes it unpleasant on deck.

There is much to interest us in the work of the sailors and officers of the ship. We enjoy the fire drill and watching the officers "take the sun," to learn the number of knots run during the day.

Our ship carries us swiftly toward the equator, and it grows so warm that we are

obliged to take off our heavy clothing and put on thin suits. The second day we find the ocean more quiet, the weather balmy, and the skies clear and sunny. On deck the time is passed away with various games (such as tossing quoits and bean-bags), or by watching for whales, whale birds, and porpoises.

We see large numbers of pretty flying-fish. Sometimes we pass through a school of them, and they

flutter about, greatly frightened. The starfish, with five arms, appears in this ocean; also the nautilus, with its transparent shell. This small, frail rover is to be seen only on calm days. If disturbed, it draws itself within its tiny shell, and sinks slowly from sight.

Sometimes the jellyfish comes to the surface, and we see it expanding and contracting its soft, flat body, as it floats through the still waters.

The beautiful sunsets are followed by purple twilights, and the sky blossoms with bright golden stars as big as young moons. The Southern Cross, which we cannot see at home, now becomes visible.

In one place we notice a pale gray, amberlike substance floating on the water. The captain tells us that it is ambergris, which is produced by the whale, and is often found in parts of the Pacific. When it floats ashore, it is gathered; for it is worth its weight in gold. It is sent from the Pacific islands to other parts of the world, to be used in making perfumery, and for other purposes.

Ambergris is one of the chief sources of the profit of whaling. Whenever a whale is captured, a careful search is made in its intestines for ambergris; for this may be worth more than the oil in the blubber.

"Ambergris is produced by the sperm whale, and is due to its diet of cuttlefish. This fish has a beak like a parrot or eagle, the upper part lapping over the lower, of a hard, hornlike substance, and with a cutting edge.

"These beaks are so small and smooth and the teeth of the whale so large that the beaks slip from one side of the whale's mouth to the other without being

crushed. These beaks, being sharp-pointed, cut into, irritate, and wound the inside wall of the intestines.

"Abscesses are formed which develop matter which envelopes the beaks of the cuttlefish, and that matter which is evolved we call ambergris. The intense fever produced by laceration sometimes causes the death of the whale. The balls of ambergris separate from the carcass and float away—finally drifting to some coast where they are found.

"The ambergris has a slightly disagreeable odor at first, but no perfume, nor does it develop any; but it has the quality of fixing other perfumes if dissolved in alcohol, so that they do not lose by evaporation. It is for this reason it is so highly valued."

One ounce of this substance sometimes brings as much as \$30 to \$40; and the price never goes below \$15 an ounce.

After this we are extremely anxious to see a whale. By and by our watch is rewarded. In the distance we see a dark object, which, at intervals, throws up a stream of water into the air. As we draw nearer, this is seen to be a whale. The huge creature swims leisurely along, coming closer and closer to our ship; and everybody hurries to the side of the vessel in order to get a good view of this largest of living animals.

BRIEF HISTORY OF HAWAII

During our ocean trip it occurs to us that when we reach land we shall be busy sight-seeing. We wish to appreciate and understand everything that we see, so that we can tell our friends at home all about Hawaii. So we occupy part of our time in reading up on the his-

tory and the climate of the islands. And this is what we find out:

The Hawaiian Islands were discovered January 18, 1778, by Captain Cook, an English navigator. He was not the first white man to visit these islands, but he was the first man to make them known to the world.

Captain Cook named the group the Sandwich Islands, in honor of his friend and patron, the Earl of Sandwich. The name Hawaii was the one used by the natives, however, and the islands are now generally known by this name.

When Captain Cook landed, the natives were much astonished and awed. They looked upon him as a god.

A year later the English navigator visited the islands a second time, and was welcomed with great joy. Both he and his crew were treated with much kindness and consideration. His sailors got into difficulty with the natives, however, and in one of the quarrels between them Captain Cook was killed.

From this time on many vessels stopped at the islands, and the natives began to trade with the foreigners.



NATIVE HAWAIIAN AND BOAT
OF EARLY DATE

The islands at this period were governed by chiefs who constantly waged war against one another, causing the loss of many lives. When Captain Vancouver visited the islands, fourteen years later, he found most



HAWAIIAN WOMAN

of the lesser rulers in subjection to a famous chief and warrior, King Kamehameha (Kā-meh'hā-meh'hā).

The first missionaries to visit the islands were those sent by the American Board from Boston, Mass., in 1820. The widow of King Kamehameha I., who was acting as queen regent at this time, gave them permission to remain one year.

At the end of this time they had won her friendship, and were permitted to remain as long as they wished.

It is largely due to the efforts of these missionaries that the Hawaiians have reached their present high state of civilization. They reduced the language to

writing, and translated the Bible and other books into the Hawaiian tongue. They taught the people to read, write, and sew, and introduced the use of medicines.

Many Americans and Europeans settled in the islands after this, and agriculture became of much importance. Great crops of sugar-cane, rice, coffee, and fruits are produced to-day.

King Kamehameha III., under the influence of the missionaries, gave the people a constitution and laws, and also divided the lands between himself, the chiefs and the people.

The monarchy continued until the people became dissatisfied with the efforts of Queen Liliuokalani (Lē-lē-wō-kā-lā'nē) to abolish the constitution, when a revolution took place. The queen was deposed, and a provisional government was established, with Sanford B. Dole as president.

Hawaii became a republic July 4, 1894, with a constitution closely patterned after that of the United States. Many of the people thought it would be a good thing for the United States to govern the islands, and in 1898 they were annexed by treaty to our country.

Hawaii now has a population of one hundred and fifty-four thousand, showing an increase of 40 per cent since the last census. About one-third of these are said to be natives, one-fifth Chinese, one-fourth Japanese, one-eighth Portuguese, one-tenth Americans, and the remainder, English, Scotch, French, Dutch, Canadians, Scandinavians, Peruvians, and Australians.

CLIMATE OF HAWAII

Hawaii is a land of sunshine and showers, rainbows and flowers. The climate is almost perfect. Plants bloom and fruits ripen the year round. One month is almost as pleasant as another, if we except November and February. Storms are apt to prevail during these two months. Fourth of July and Christmas are very much alike as far as weather is concerned, and one in Hawaii has to think twice to remember which comes next on the calendar.

On the hottest days of summer the thermometer is rarely above 80°. In winter it never falls below 60°. The heat is greatly moderated by trade winds and ocean currents.

In the winter the south wind, which the natives call the "sick wind," sometimes takes the place of the pleasant trade winds. This windy season is dreaded by the white residents, as it is apt to be followed by slight illnesses. But the climate is usually healthful.

Not more than half a dozen days during the year are without sunshine. Almost every day has its shower and rainbow, in parts of the islands. The frequency of these brilliant rainbows has given to the Hawaiian country the name, "Land of the Rainbow." Its delightful climate and never-ending summer have caused it to be known also as "The Paradise of the Pacific."

LAND AT LAST

On the sixth day we get our first glimpse of land, which appears like a small blue cloud rising from the ocean. It proves to be Molokai (Mō-lō-kī'), the island made famous by its leper settlement.

We also make out what seems to be a huge watch-tower, on another island. This, we learn, is a great extinct volcano upon the island of Maui.

Oahu (O-äh'hōō), the island which we first visit, is third in size in Hawaii, but first in importance, for it holds the capital city, Honolulu (Hō-nō-lōō'lōō), and leads in commerce and manufacture. It has a length of 46 miles, a breadth of 25 miles, and an area of 600 square miles.

Oahu is mountainous, as are the other islands. Some of its peaks are more than 3,000 feet in height. Its chief landmark, as seen from the ocean, is Diamond Head, about six miles from the harbor light.

Soon we come in sight of Koko Head, a peak near one end of the island of Oahu. As we steam nearer, we see that the sides of this mountain are covered with brown lava, which the sunlight turns to bronze.

In the crevices of the mountain and at its base is the rich green of vegetation. The beach is dazzling-white, and fringed with groves of cocoa and palm trees.

Diamond Head and the Punch Bowl—extinct volcanoes—now loom up before us, guarding and hiding from view the city and harbor of Honolulu.

A lookout station is located on Diamond Head, to report approaching vessels by telephoning to the city. Then a steam whistle tells everyone for miles around that foreign mail and news are at hand, and hundreds of people hasten to the docks to welcome the vessel.

Our ship is met outside the harbor by the pilot, who has come to guide us safely to the landing place. Then the customs officials, the health officer or port physician, and the mail clerk come on board.

Do you know why the health officer is here? Away out on that sandpit within the line of reefs is a quarantine station. You can see the long, low, clean-looking barracks. These afford shelter for thousands of immigrants at a time.

If there had been any contagious disease among our passengers, our ship would have been anchored there until the sick passengers were well. We should all have had to remain there until it was certain that there was no danger of contagion.

The customs officer takes note of the name, age, address, destination and general appearance of each passenger. We are asked how long we expect to remain on the island, and if we have brought in our trunks any articles on which the government has laid a tax or duty.

Each of us is required to show \$50 before landing. This is to insure against the country being infested with paupers.

Those who have firearms are obliged to give them up at the dock, where the baggage is examined. Such property is held by the authorities until the owners have satisfied the attorney-general that they do not intend to make any disturbance in the country.

HONOLULU HARBOR

Honolulu has one of the finest ports in all the world, but it is the only good harbor of the Hawaiian Islands. In order to reach it we must pass within its walls or reefs of coral; for it is landlocked.

Passing the lighthouse, which stands on the inner edge of the reef, we are soon in the still waters of the

harbor. It is filled with stately ships, whaling vessels, and smaller craft, with flags flying gaily from the masts.

Canoes, manned by brown-skinned natives, dart through the water like living things. Some of them have spied our vessel and are rowing toward us.



HARBOR OF HONOLULU

The harbor and city make so beautiful a picture that it seems to us as though we must at last have reached fairyland.

The color of the water in the harbor is bluer than the ocean, and so clear that we can see plainly objects at a great depth. Near shore it changes to a

light blue or bottle green, and many beautiful lights fall across its glassy surface.

The curved beach is fringed with cocoanut trees, with slender trunks and plumelike tops. It makes us think of what Mark Twain said when he entered this harbor: "I have often wondered where all the feather dusters came from; and here they are, growing upside down!"

The harbor is bordered with rolling hills that rise one above another. These are crowned by picturesque banana and cocoanut trees and waving palms. Beyond the harbor, to the westward, is a sweep of sea beach lined with fine mansions and pretty cottages.

A short distance from the dock we make out what seem to be cocoanuts bobbing about on the waves; but a closer view reveals the little curly heads and eager brown faces of Hawaiian boys.

These youngsters have come out to the ship to exhibit their skill in diving. They shout to us to throw them a nickel. When we do so, every little head disappears in a twinkling. Before the coin reaches the bottom one of the number secures it and reappears. Holding it up to view, he shouts: "Here's your nickel!" Placing it in his mouth, he clamors for more.

Hundreds of people are standing on the wharf, ready to welcome our good ship. It seems as though the whole city had turned out to meet us. We are greeted with shouts and cheers of welcome. The gang-plank is thrown out, and there is a rush for land.

"*Aloha!*" (ā-lō'hā) we hear on all sides. This is an expression used by the Hawaiians when they meet or part, and means, "My love to you."

Some of the people gathered at the pier are Americans, dressed very much as we dress at home in the summer time. The ladies and children wear thin white muslins and leghorn hats; the men and boys wear white linen, duck, or flannel suits, and panama hats.



WHERE WE STAY WHILE IN HONOLULU

But most of the people are natives, or Hawaiians—dark-eyed, dark-haired, brown-faced men and women, with happy, smiling countenances, and pleasant, musical voices.

The native women wear dresses of white, red, black, or brown muslin, made in "Mother Hubbard" style. But the thing that we notice first is that both native men and women go with bare feet, and wear garlands of flowers on their hats and about their necks.

After greetings have been exchanged, the people slowly disperse, and many make their way to the post-office. Large crowds gather here after the arrival of a foreign mail steamer.

Mails are distributed immediately on arrival, and numbers of persons sometimes stand about the post-office far into the night, waiting for the precious letters from home or friends. For two or three hours business is almost suspended, so eager is everyone to learn what is taking place in the outside world.

After the customhouse officer has examined our trunks, we secure a carriage and drive to our hotel, which is but a short distance away.

Japanese servants carry our luggage to our rooms, while we stroll about the veranda and take a look at our surroundings. The hotel is surrounded by a lawn made beautiful with royal palms, banana and other tropical plants and vines.

HONOLULU

Honolulu is thought by many travelers to be one of the most beautiful tropical cities in the world. It is built on a plain on the southwestern shore of Oahu. It nestles in a lovely valley, with lofty volcanic mountains in the background, and is closed in on the east and west by hills that were once volcanic cones.

The entire city is enveloped in a wealth of tropical foliage, in the shade of which are stately homes, and pretty cottages with broad verandas.

Honolulu is the capital of Hawaii, and the only large city of the islands. Over thirty-five thousand people make their homes here. The greater number

of these are native Hawaiians, but there are also large numbers of Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Americans, Scotch, and English.

We are surprised to find the streets, stores, and buildings here much like those of our eastern cities at home.



IN THE BUSINESS SECTION

Were it not for the people and the strange vegetation, we might believe ourselves in the United States.

Honolulu has macadamized streets, a street railway system, telephones, electric lights, a public library, a fire department, fine executive buildings, churches, schools, banks, and stores.

The business houses are chiefly two-story brick or stone structures, and the majority of the residences are

cottages of one story; but there are many fine homes in the place.

American flags are everywhere. We see more of them here than at home. We are told that the majority of the government officials are Americans; that most of the business and taxable property is in the hands of Americans; that the trade of the islands is chiefly with the United States; and that the English language is used except among the Japanese and Chinese.

We enter a store and find it kept by an American merchant. We ask to see an article. It is brought to us by an American clerk, and has, we learn, been imported from the United States.

But just as we begin to feel at home, we meet with a surprise. At a street corner we come across a group of Hawaiian women and girls, sitting on mats on the sidewalk, making and selling wreaths and ropes of flowers. Their wares are displayed in baskets before them, and on their persons. A part of this display is wound about their heads, and hangs down from their necks in front.

Carnations and tuberoses are much used for these festoons; also a peculiar native yellow flower, which has, to us, a disagreeable odor.

These flower sellers do a big business, too; for every native man, woman, and child that we meet, walking or riding, wears flowers about the hat or neck.

We are told that the people are so fond of flowers that they always wear them when they go about the streets. On their holidays, and at their feasts, they wear yards of festoons of brilliant flowers. When they

send or present a gift, it is accompanied by a bouquet of flowers. When friends or members of the family depart on a journey they are specially decorated. Even the ponies are not neglected in this respect.

A Japanese fruit vender, with his wares suspended in two baskets from a bamboo pole, wanders slowly past



HAWAIIAN FLOWER GIRLS

us. Down the road comes a train of ponies loaded with bunches of bananas, which are on their way to one of the vessels now in the harbor.

Many white-clad sailors from foreign vessels in port are in the streets and shops. Natives are lounging about on the sidewalks, or in the shops and streets, chatting gaily. No one seems to be in a hurry, and all appear to be enjoying themselves.

We walk on through the city, and soon we meet with another surprise. Turning a corner, we find ourselves in Chinatown. Here the houses and stores are built by the Chinamen just as they are built in China.

Before us are Chinese signs and notices, Chinese goods and curios for sale in the queer little shops, and



ON NUUANU AVENUE

Chinese merchants. The streets are filled with almond-eyed, long-cued, gaily-clad Chinese men, women, and children.

Some of the children are coming home from school, and some are standing at the doors of the shops. Such odd little solemn-faced tots! We can hardly tell the

girls and boys apart, they are dressed so much alike. They wear long, loose jackets, and trousers of blue, green, and other colors. Some are barefooted and bareheaded. Others wear tiny, close-fitting caps, and all have their black hair braided in a cue.

Now let us take a carriage and drive to the principal street, Nuuanu Avenue. We find it a wide, straight street, several miles in length.

Some of the most beautiful residences of Honolulu are on this street, and among them many of the homes of the old residents and of prominent Americans.

All along the streets are attractive lawns, some of them containing half an acre, many of them several acres in extent. Every home in Hawaii seems to be surrounded by flowering plants of some kind. The very poorest house or hut has a profusion of roses, lilies, palms, and vines.

We find here admirable roads smooth, hard, and level as a floor. They have been macadamized with crushed or broken lava from the volcanic mountains.

We drive through palm-lined streets, past gardens gay with strange flowers, and note here and there a vine-covered wall or tree. Past huge leaved tropical plants and under mango trees we go, out to the seashore, where the coconut groves flourish.

Along the shore are fish ponds, inclosed by walls of stone built out in the shallow water of the bay. Fish are grown and fattened for food in these ponds.

Near the outskirts of the city are neat gardens, tilled by the Chinese. In these gardens are grown the vegetables and fruits which supply the city market.

Around these little plats of land are narrow canals, and in these ditches ducks swim and paddle about. The Chinese are as fond of ducks as they are of rice, and these irrigating ditches are fine places for the raising of ducks.

Now let us go up to Punch Bowl Hill, which overlooks the city, for a bird's-eye view. This mound is an extinct volcano, whose summit is about five hundred feet above sea level.

A stream runs along the bottom of the hill, through Nuuanu Valley to the sea. This valley stretches away from the harbor about six miles to a pass or precipice called Pali Pass. Away to the southeast we see Diamond Head, five miles distant. These interesting spots we shall visit later.

We are so delighted with the beautiful scene before us that we are tempted to linger a long time. But our guide says that there are many other pleasures in store for us. He tells us that it is the custom for visitors to stay at the fine Hawaiian Hotel, where the sweet music of the native band is played twice a week; to ride about the streets of the city of Honolulu; to bathe in the warm surf of Waikiki (Wy-kee-kee'), a suburb with a fine beach near the city; to drive to Diamond Head; to climb the heights of Pali (Pä'lē); to travel around Oahu Island on the railroad; and to visit beautiful Pearl Harbor with its growing town. Then we may take the inter-island steamer, and visit Hawaii proper, with its great coffee plantations, and its wonderful volcano, Kilauea.

Kauai (Kow-wi'), the Garden Isle, will next attract us, with its wealth of bloom and its native life, little

touched with civilization. Molokai also draws us to gaze with pity and wonder on the leper colony.

After a short drive about Honolulu we return to the hotel. Many strange dishes appear on the table here. Among the fruits are bananas, cocoanuts, the mango, custard apple, alligator pear, rose apple, and strawberries—which grow all the year round on these islands.

There is also the guava (*guā'vā*), from which guava jelly is made. The fruit is sliced and eaten with sugar and milk, but is not so good that way as in jelly. Then there are watermelons and bread-fruit; *taro* (*tā'rō*) which takes the place of our potato; *poi* (*pō'ee*), a kind of porridge made of taro root; flying-fish, and mullet. The taro is served like mush and eaten with cream and sugar, or with butter and salt, as we eat the potato.

On the lawn is a pavilion in which musicians are seated. The verandas are festooned with Japanese lanterns. The full moon lights up the scene, and shows us many people and large numbers of carriages outside the grounds. The band plays on each night of "full-moon week," and never fails to attract an audience. The government band plays an hour or two four times a week, and it also plays on the departure of the local steamer for San Francisco.

All band concerts end with "Hawaii Ponoï," one of the prettiest of national airs.

THE FISH MARKET

One of the most interesting places in Honolulu is the fish market, and, as it is only ten minutes' walk from the hotel, we will stroll over there.

Saturday is the great market day. The natives gather on that day by the hundreds to buy their Sunday supply of fish.

The market is an open building, covering an acre and a half of ground. A roof protects dealers and customers from the sun and the frequent showers.



NATIVES AND THEIR CANOES

Sellers and buyers of many races are here. Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, English, and Americans all mingle together.

Saturday is also pay-day for the people on the plantations and in the town establishments, and the day on which the country people come to market with their produce. It is a kind of holiday, and everyone joins in the festivities, with evident pleasure.

The natives are dressed in holiday attire and have

decorated themselves with flowers. There is much laughing, talking and merrymaking. All are bright and cheerful. The people have soft, pleasant voices, and are fond of making speeches, too, which they often do in the marketplace. They are sure to have interested, attentive audiences.

On the market tables are piled berries, fruit, seaweed and fish. And such strange and wonderful fish as we never have seen before! One is black, another a gold color, another purple, and perhaps another of emerald green. Some are spotted like the leopard and some striped like the tiger.

There must be a hundred kinds at least. Some of them are beautiful, but others are hideous. There are devil-fish, dolphins, flying-fish, ocean mullet, crabs, squid, limpets, oysters, lobsters, and sea urchins.

There are also gold and silver fish, such as we keep at home in glass globes. These are larger here, and the natives eat them as they do any other fish. The Chinamen catch and sell them to passenger steamers for about fifty cents a hundred.

There are many kinds of sea-mosses, which the natives dry and eat with their poi. They eat very little meat and seem quite content with their poi and fish.

The berries, fish, and fruit which the people buy are wrapped up by the shopkeeper in broad, fresh green *ti* leaves. These are much nicer than all our flap brown paper.

Each class of people has its favorite food. The natives care most for shrimp, squid, crab, fish, and sharks. The whites prefer mullet.

WAIKIKI

The most popular resort of the island is Waikiki, a suburb about four miles from Honolulu, at the foot of Diamond Head. The beach at this place has a clean sand bottom, and the clear warm water makes it a very fine bathing place.

This suburb was the home of former kings and queens of Hawaii. The last king had a fine dwelling

**WAIKIKI BEACH**

there, and many of the wealthy residents of Honolulu have pretty homes in the place.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous author, lived here for a time. The house which sheltered him is always shown to visitors.

The journey to this suburb may be made on the

street-cars drawn by lazy mules; but a driveway runs along the shore of the bay, and we prefer this.

The road is shadowed by palms and bordered with rare and wonderful plants and flowers. Some of these we have seen before, but only in hot-houses and conservatories.

In the Queen's Wood or on the Queen's Beach native feasts are sometimes held. A hundred or more people may gather here, bringing with them their poi in small wooden bowls.

The other part of the banquet is of fish, eaten raw. When the people have gathered for their feast, they leave the babies on the beach, and the men, women, and children old enough to swim plunge into the sea and swim to the outer reef. There, on the coral rocks, they wait for the flying-fish, which, as they appear above the foam, are caught in eager hands. When enough fish have been caught, the people swim back to the shore, and the feast begins.

A few of the natives go out in canoes, which are not unlike those used when Captain Cook visited the islands. Formerly these craft were made of tree-trunks, hollowed out and shaped by means of stone axes and fire. To-day the natives use steel tools to make them. The canoes are steered and propelled with a paddle, and steadied by means of a rude outrigger.

PALI PASS

Pali Pass is another interesting point on the island of Oahu. This historic spot lies six miles from Honolulu, up the Nuuanu Valley. It was at this place the battle was fought which lost to Oahu its inde-

pendence and, by which King Kamehameha added one more island to his possessions.

King Kalani, of Oahu Island, lived on the present site of Honolulu, when Kamehameha attacked him and drove his army up to the pass or precipice. Here the



PALI PASS

army was entirely destroyed. Hundreds of Kalani's men were hurled over this fearful precipice, more than five hundred feet high.

Pali means "a precipice," but the name is also given to an opening in the mountain. Through this pass a road has been made which leads down to the valleys on the other side.

The pass lies 1,207 feet above the sea. The entrance to it is between lofty peaks. No tourist leaves Honolulu without having made a trip to this famous place.

Mounting tough little mountain ponies, we start early in the morning. Our ride takes us along Nuuanu Avenue, lined with shade trees, fine houses, and well-kept lawns. By the roadside are fertile vegetable gardens in which Chinamen raise rice, yams, sweet corn, potatoes, melons, pumpkins, pineapples, peas, carrots, turnips, lettuce, celery, and strawberries.

Leaving the avenue, we come to the open valley from which the steep mountains rise.

We pass hedges covered with showy scarlet flowers, and groves of guava trees. We meet many parties of Chinamen, driving little donkeys loaded with rice for the Honolulu market. These small animals carry heavy loads up steep hills, and along narrow ledges where a single false step would send them over a precipice upon rocks hundreds of feet below.

Chinamen do not like to travel alone, and are usually seen in companies. If they are poor, they walk and carry their burdens. If well-to-do, they ride and use ponies or donkeys for pack-horses.

We pass many native houses along the road. Sometimes we see a native woman washing clothing on a large flat rock beside a stream. She kneels on the rock, dips the clothes in the water, and rubs them over the rough stone.

From the summit of the pass we have a magnificent view. At the foot of the precipice are wooded and grassy hills dotted with the huts of the natives; beyond these are great stretches of sugar plantations or

of rice fields. On the right and left rise the gray mountain peaks. Beyond all these lies the blue Pacific.

Through the Pali Pass the trade winds at times blow furiously. One can scarcely breathe or speak while facing them. A wall has been built along the edge of the precipice to keep people from being blown over during the seasons when the trade winds are so strong.

These trade winds bring rain clouds from the sea through this opening, and for this reason the valleys are more fertile than those of the other islands.

THE HAWAIIANS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

When Captain Cook came to Hawaii, he found it peopled with a race of barbarians similar in appearance to our North American Indians. They had black eyes and hair, and brown complexions.

They were tall and well formed. Some of them tattooed their faces and bodies. The men wore little clothing—merely a cloth around the waist and hips. The women had clear complexions, fine white teeth, and red lips. They were inclined to be stout, but had a fine carriage. They wore short skirts reaching to their knees. The children wore no clothes at all.

These people lived in grass houses. They built their dwellings as the birds do their nests—of leaves and grass and stems. Bamboo poles were used for the framework, and these were fastened together with ropes and cords made of the fiber of the palm leaf. The sides and tops of these huts were thatched with grass.

From a distance the houses looked like haystacks. They had low openings for doors and sometimes windows, but no floors.

The people lived out of doors, and did their cooking outside their huts. They went inside only to sleep, or when it rained.

Mats were used for seats and for beds. Blocks of wood served as pillows, and tapa (tā'pā) cloth was



HAWAIIAN GRASS HOUSE OF TO-DAY

used for blankets. This tapa cloth was made from the inner bark of the paper mulberry tree. Often the cloth was colored in a fantastic fashion with the juice of berries. This fabric is seldom seen nowadays.

The houses contained little furniture—perhaps some stools, a wicker basket, and wooden dishes, or the gourds of the calabash tree.

Shark's teeth and a hard, fine-grained lava stone were used in hollowing out these calabashes, and to build canoes. The people had no iron or steel tools until these were brought to the island by white men.

They kindled their fires by rubbing a hard, pointed stick in a groove made in a piece of the soft haw tree wood. They cooked their food in ovens in the ground by means of heated stones.

Strings of oily nuts from the candle-nut tree were used to light their houses. These nuts were strung on grasses and hung up in the houses. The nut at the top was first lighted, and this burned until the next one caught fire.

Their food consisted of fish (which was eaten raw), dog meat, pork, fowls, poi, yams, sugar-cane, wild berries, and such fruits as bananas and cocoanuts.

They ate with their fingers, the whole family eating from the same bowl or calabash. As they squatted about and devoured their food, the domestic animals—dogs, pigs, and fowls—shared their meal.

In times of peace they were employed in fishing, canoe-making, bird-catching, taro-planting, wood-cutting, tapa-making, and mat-weaving.

Their wants were simple. They required ground in which to plant the taro, the sea for fish, timber land for wood for canoes, and the mulberry for tapa cloth. They caught fish in nets which were let down to a great depth in the sea.

After a while fish ponds were dug, filled with water and stocked with fish. The fish ponds had wicker gates which let in the small fish from the sea, but did not let out the big fish. Some of these ponds are hundreds of acres in area. They help to provide the people with food to-day.

These native Hawaiians had no metals, no beasts of burden, no cereal grains, no cotton, no flax, and no



NATIVES MAKING POI

wool. Their principal implement for cultivating the soil was a stick of hard wood, either pointed or shaped into a flat blade at the end. Their weapons were spears, daggers, clubs, and slings. The daggers were made of hard wood or bone. Slings were made of cocoanut fiber.

Wars were frequent and cruel—the chiefs of differ-

ent parts of the island or of different islands contending for supremacy. Sometimes they engaged in sea fights, with large fleets of canoes on each side.

Human life was valued very lightly. The kings and chiefs put to death any who incurred their dislike. If a temple was to be dedicated, or the wrath of a goddess appeased by human sacrifices, the priests selected the victims from among the common people. The dead were buried in holes near the doors of their huts, or thrown into the sea.

When a Hawaiian died, friends gathered at the late home and wailed and chanted songs, and danced. As they chanted, they pulled their hair and accompanied the chant with a peculiar waving motion of the arms and legs. When a chief died, many of the people cut off their hair, knocked out their front teeth, and burned figures on their bodies.

You must not think, however, that the islanders had no enjoyment or amusements. They were naturally a pleasure-loving people, and fond of games. They had wrestling and boxing matches, mock battles, foot races, swimming and rowing contests, target practice, and many other sports.

They were fond of sliding down the grassy hillsides on rude sleds, made with curved runners. The chiefs shot mice with bows and arrows, in the absence of larger game; but no one else was allowed to enjoy this pastime.

They had dances, of a peculiar kind, accompanied by music. This dancing consisted of movements of the arms and bodies, while the feet remained still. The girls and women were usually the dancers. They wore

on these occasions short dresses of grass, ornaments, and wreaths of flowers.

Native drums of different kinds were in use. Some of them were made by stretching dried skins over gourds. Others were made from a part of the trunk of



A HAWAIIAN SURF-RIDER

the cocoanut tree. One end of this was covered with shark-skin. Singing and dancing were accompanied by the beating of these drums.

But the favorite amusement or pastime of the people was surf-riding in canoes or on surf boards. Men, women, and children all engaged in this pastime. The Hawaiian called his surf plank a "wave-sliding board." It was made of bread-fruit wood. Sometimes he rode the surf lying face downward on his board; at other

times he knelt; but the more expert rider stood up, balancing first on one foot and then on the other.

The surf-riders would swim out to sea with these boards until they met a great wave. They then threw themselves upon the wave and were carried by it to the shore.

KINGS AND CHIEFS

All the land belonged to the king. He made his chiefs proprietors of the soil, on condition that they render him tribute and military service.

These chiefs then were supposed to own the land, all that grew upon it, the fish of the sea, and also the time and labor of the people. The common people were their servants in peace and followers in war, and were really slaves.

Priests, also, were endowed with lands in consideration of their teaching the people to observe certain religious rites, and preserving the knowledge of astronomy, history and medicine that had been handed down to them. In this work the priests were assisted by the medicine men and sorcerers.

The chief was the supreme ruler and lawmaker, and no one disputed his will. A high chief was approached with abject gestures, and whenever he traveled, the people along the road made him offerings of food or clothing.

The chiefs directed the people in their labor and required of them two days' work in every seven. In this time they cultivated his taro, cleaned or built his fish ponds, caught fish for him, gathered timber, built his canoes or did any other work he required.

The chiefs had finer clothes than others, and as a special sign of rank, wore splendid feather cloaks, feather helmets, and the ivory clasp. Their canoes and sails were painted red, and on state occasions they were attended by men carrying plumed staffs.

It was death for a common man to remain standing at the mention of the king's name in song, or when the



A CHIEF AND OTHER HAWAIIAN ABORIGINES

king's food or clothing was carried past; to enter his inclosure without permission, or to cross his shadow or that of his house. If a man wished to enter the presence of the king, he must crawl on the ground and grovel in the dust before him.

When a chief or hero died, his soul was supposed to go to a distant island where happiness and plenty reigned.

He was buried in a cave where it would be impossible for his enemies to find his bones, and his death was lamented for months by the people.

Some kinds of food were reserved for chiefs. Some birds were *tabued** (tā-bōōd') on account of their feathers, particularly a black bird which has a small yellow feather under each wing. A certain fish was *tabued* for six months of the year.

Men and women were forbidden to eat at the same table, or to have their food cooked in the same oven. After a boy was five years old, he never sat at table with his mother or sisters.

Girls were not thought so much of as boys, and the *tabu* was made more difficult for the women to observe than the men. They were not allowed to eat pork, turtles, certain kinds of fish, bananas, and cocoanuts.

RELIGION

The Hawaiians of a hundred years ago were heathen. Their priests taught them to believe in the gods of the sea, land, and air, in shark and lizard gods, and in a goddess called Pele (Pē-lē), who was said to live in the craters of volcanoes.

When the volcanoes sent forth lava, hot ashes, and sulphur fumes, the people believed Pele to be offended. There were other lesser gods of the forests, caves, and dark pools.

The Hawaiians also feared the darkness and believed in evil spirits and ghosts. The priests taught the people to fear the gods and to appease their wrath with offerings. The gods were represented by hideous

*To *tabu* was to forbid the people to do certain things; or to make certain foods and articles of clothing.

images or idols. These were placed in sacred temples, which were surrounded by high walls. Sometimes the images were placed upon the walls of the temple. In times of war they were carried to battle.

Whenever the priests performed religious ceremonies, the people were forbidden to make a sound of any kind from sunset to sunrise, to walk about, to row a canoe, to light fires, or to prepare food. Even the animals had to be kept quiet. The dogs, pigs, and poultry were shut up in the dark to make them think it was night.

The natives were taught to believe that a land of darkness received their souls after death; and that cowards, upon reaching this place, were devoured by a terrible goddess.

To-day we find a very different state of affairs. The people have given up their idols and heathen religion, and become Christians. In most towns and villages we find a church and a school. Sunday is strictly observed. The laws of the country prohibit business of any kind on that day.

Both the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Church are represented on the islands, and Honolulu has a number of fine church buildings. Among these are two native churches—one of coral and one of wood.



ANCIENT HAWAIIAN
IDOL

"How has this wonderful change been brought about?" we ask, and the people tell us it is the work of missionaries.

The missionaries went to Hawaii in 1820, and began their work. They found the islanders without a religion, and taught them the Christian faith. They translated the Bible into the Hawaiian language, and taught the natives to read and write, to sew and make themselves clothes, to build wooden houses, to value human life, and to live in pleasanter ways.

They introduced food plants and trees, and the use of medicines, established schools and churches, and secured the passage of wise laws to improve the condition of the people.

EDUCATION

The first school in Hawaii was held in a grass hut, and the first teachers were missionaries. Some of the pupils were very young, and some were old and gray.

There were so many pupils that all could not attend at the same time. It seemed as though everyone in Hawaii wanted to go to school. All were anxious to learn.

So the pupils were divided into classes. Some recited their lessons and went away, and others came to take their places. There were no desks or seats. The pupils sat on mats on the ground.

And at first there were no books or writing materials. The Hawaiians had never seen a book, and did not know what reading and writing meant. But when they were told that books might be able to talk to them, they were very much interested. Even the queen wished to learn to read.

But the people did not know the English language, and the missionaries were obliged to write some books for them in Hawaiian. There are twelve letters in the Hawaiian alphabet, so it did not take long to learn



HIGH SCHOOL IN HONOLULU

that. But it was not an easy matter to print or write books in the native tongue.

The Hawaiians were very fond of the books which the missionaries printed for them; so they carried them about with them constantly until they had learned to read them. To-day there are few among the natives who cannot read and write.

Every district in the islands is supplied by the government with free schools. These are in session forty

weeks in each year. The schoolhouses have desks, blackboards, and books like those in the United States.

Many of the teachers are Americans, and the textbooks are mainly from the United States. In nearly every school are Japanese and Chinese children; and there are two or three schools and kindergartens specially for Chinese children.

In Honolulu we find many fine school buildings. Some of these are public or government schools, and others are private. There are a college, a seminary for girls, and a manual training school for boys.

The finest building of all was a gift from a Hawaiian princess. She left her large fortune for the education of Hawaiian children.

Bishop Museum also is a gift from this princess. In it are preserved relics of early Hawaiian days. Among these are weapons, utensils, mats, fans, cloth mantles, and many other articles of Hawaiian workmanship.

HAWAII TO-DAY

The Americans are the leaders in Hawaiian government and business affairs to-day. A number of these men and women have been educated in the best schools and colleges in the United States.

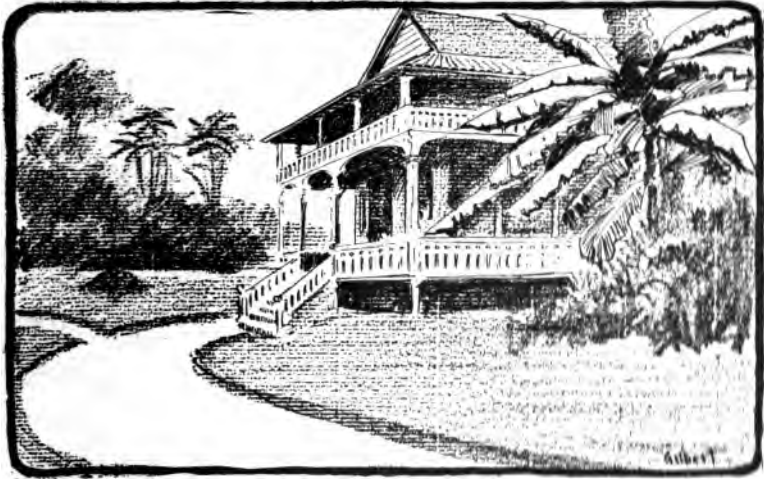
Many of the earlier white settlers married natives, and these half-caste families speak the English language, have been educated abroad, and live in homes of refinement and culture.

In this pleasure-loving, hospitable land enjoyment seems to be the aim and object of existence.

In winter Honolulu is a popular resort for people

from all over the world. At this time the hotels are full of tourists, and the homes of the wealthy are filled with visitors.

Many of the Americans here have followed the Southern fashion of building houses. Instead of being one large house the home is a cluster of cottages. The great family parlor is one house, and the guest house,



HOME OF A WEALTHY HAWAIIAN

cook-house, and other cottages form a little hamlet set in the midst of a beautiful lawn and flower garden.

During the heat of the day the houses are deserted, and everyone finds a cool, shady nook in the garden, or a hammock on the veranda or in the *lanai* (law-ní).

The *lanais* are rooms open on two or three sides, and many of the houses have them. They make delightful sitting-rooms on warm afternoons or evenings, and here the people really live.

Some of the one-story dwellings have wide verandas all around, and are called bungalows.

The houses are without any means of heating. No stoves, furnaces, or chimneys are ever seen except in a cook-house.

Carpets are not used. The floors are covered with matting, or are oiled and covered with rugs. Wicker tables and chairs are much used.

But we do not notice the houses so much as the trees and plants. The banyan, the bamboo, the rubber tree, the avocado, the mango, the brilliant and gaudy flowers and vines, the great oleanders, the night-blooming cereus—these are all new and strange to us.

CHARACTER, OCCUPATIONS, AND CUSTOMS

The native Hawaiian of to-day reads his Bible and his newspaper, writes letters, wears clothes, owns property, acts as justice of the peace, policeman, judge, tax-collector or assessor, and occupies many other positions under the government.

He finds work in every walk of life. He is a painter, a carpenter, a blacksmith, a machinist, an engineer, a teamster, a cowboy, a planter, a bookkeeper, a clerk, a teacher, a preacher, or an editor. He is a fine sailor and fisherman.

But he is a failure at the head of a business. He lacks executive power. He is not a success as a farmer or gardener, and if he has a piece of land, he is apt to rent it to an industrious Chinaman.

Any native, no matter how poor, sick, or friendless, can always find shelter, food, and a home among the

people of his neighborhood. So there are no poor-houses in Hawaii, and no beggars or tramps.

The people rarely commit crimes, and have little use for jails. Quarrels, even among school boys, are rare, and fights seldom occur except between men under the influence of drink.

The grass huts of early days have almost disappeared. Most of the natives now live in wooden houses, and some of them have fine homes.

The houses of those of small means have open basements with earthen floors. Upstairs are the parlor and a bedroom, usually reserved for guests. These rooms have straw carpets, chairs, and tables, and the bedroom has a good bed.

The natives themselves do not care to use beds. They sleep on mats on the bare floors. They cook their food out of doors, and really live outside their houses.

The native is a famous fisherman. It would seem almost impossible to us for human beings to become expert enough at swimming and diving to be able to catch fish in the ocean without the use of hooks or nets; yet the Hawaiian can do this. He catches fish with his hands.

Men, women and children may often be seen engaged in this work. Sometimes they crouch in shallow water and feel around the coral and lava bottom for fish, crabs and shrimps.

Many species of fish in the Pacific Ocean hide themselves in clefts of the rocks and remain there when danger seems near. The fishers know their hiding places, and search them, even in deep water. So skill-

ful are they that even the swiftest fish have little chance of escape.

The men and boys who catch the fish in deep water tie a bag around their waists and dive straight to the bottom. They hold fast to a rock with one hand to steady themselves, and with the other feel about in the crevices or under the overhanging rock ledges until they get hold of a fish. It is put into the bag and the search for others is continued until they are obliged to ascend for air.

The sea furnishes not only food and employment, but the chief amusement—surf-riding. If the native Hawaiian lives near the sea, hours of his time are spent in the water, or about the wharves.

The rest of the day he spends in taro-planting, poi-making, mat-weaving, reading, riding about, sleeping, playing his fiddle, or feasting.

The women are not fond of housework. They much prefer to make and sell wreaths of flowers, and hire Japanase or Chinese servants to attend to their household duties. They, too, spend much of their time in the water.

The Hawaiian countryman lives a happy, care-free life. An hour's labor in his taro patch each day will keep it free from weeds. If he desires a change of diet, he has fish or clams from the sea, and fruit from the forest.

The Chinese are the shopmen, fruit dealers and vendors, gardeners, laborers, and servants of Hawaii. They are industrious, sober, frugal, painstaking, and patient.

These Chinese are fine gardeners, and are getting possession of all the best garden land. When they first

came to Honolulu, they bought up all the low, swampy land near the city. It was then considered worthless; but the shrewd Chinamen tilled and drained it, and laid it out in neat gardens and rice fields.

They are disliked by the natives and many of the foreigners, but they work away steadily and faithfully and do not seem to mind. Their one object in life seems to be to accumulate enough money to take them back to their native land, and enable them to live at ease there.

SPORTS AND HOLIDAYS

A feast is the Hawaiian's favorite form of entertainment, and is looked forward to for days to come.

Feasts called *luaus* (lōō-āh'ōōs) are often given in honor of the birthdays of various members of the family, to entertain visitors, or to commemorate some event. Usually these are partnership affairs—one family furnishing poi, another pork, others fish and fruit.

At their meals or feasts the people sit Turkish fashion on grass or cocoanut mats on the ground. Mats or boards serve as tables. The tablecloth is of *ti* leaves and ferns. The table is always decorated with flowers, and guests are given strings of flowers called *leis* (lāys) to wear around their necks. There are no plates, no knives or forks.

Each end of the table is graced by a roasted pig, and along the center are bananas, oranges, and mangoes. Among the fern leaves are small red boiled crabs. There are many calabashes, too, filled with poi, with the meat of young cocoanuts, or with sweet potatoes.



NATIVE FEAST IN FRONT OF A GRASS HUT

The fish and chicken are wrapped in ti leaves in order to keep them hot and to preserve the flavor, having first been cooked in an earthen pit. Live shrimps also are served, and these are always popular. Another favorite dish is roasted wild dog.

The boys play native tunes on their guitars and fiddles to amuse their guests, and accompany this music with a few dancing steps. At the end of the feast the national hymn, "Hawaii Pono," is sung, and then the party breaks up

Riding horseback is one of the popular amusements of the people. They love horses, and are fine and fearless riders. Almost every man and woman owns a horse. The natives ride barefooted and hold their stirrups between their toes.

When riding horseback the native women sit astride, or "man fashion," and instead of a riding skirt wear a long, bright-colored cloth drapery which almost reaches the ground. When the women ride fast—and they usually do ride fast—these bright-colored cloths fly straight out like wings.

The Hawaiian Christmas is much like a Fourth of July in the United States.

The week before this holiday the stores and shops make a great display of books, toys, and presents of every kind except sleds and skates. The streets are thronged with busy crowds, just as are the streets at home. The boys buy firecrackers and tin horns, and on Christmas Eve fill the air with their din.

Christmas Day has sun and flowers, and perhaps a shower and rainbow. Church bells ring out their merry peals, and people hasten through the streets to the churches, where they listen to the old, old story and to Christmas carols.

On the eve of a holiday, it is customary for companies of natives to go from house to house serenading.

CHILD LIFE

If beautiful surroundings and a perfect climate were all that children needed to make them healthy and happy, the children of Hawaii would be very fortunate indeed.

The beauty of ever-blooming flowers, of green fields and forests, of sunny skies, and of ever-changing seas, is constantly before them.

But Hawaiian mothers and fathers are "happy-go-lucky," careless, and pleasure loving, and children are not cared for as they should be.

Often it is the father who is the nurse, and who prepares the food for the family. The mother likes

better to make garlands of flowers to sell or to adorn herself with, and to go riding and visiting.

One cannot tell from the name of a Hawaiian child whether it is a boy or a girl. The names of the children are often changed, and many have several names.

We see many pretty faces among the chil-

dren, who are usually good-natured. They chatter, chatter without ceasing, but their voices are soft and pleasant.

These children are remarkable swimmers. They swim before they walk. They are as much at home among the waves as on land, and almost live in the water.

When school is out, the young people of all sizes and ages make for the water. When it is possible; they swim to and from school instead of walking, carrying their clothes in one hand and paddling with the other.



A NATIVE GIRL

Both girls and boys can ride the waves on boards or logs, usually standing upright. The surf rolls high, and the waves give to the logs the motion of a rocking-horse. The children scream with delight and merriment, and chase one another through the water, diving about as swiftly and easily as ducks.

Hawaiian children are very careful of their clothes, which are apt to be bright in color, if few. Only the babies in Hawaii wear many clothes.

The children are always clean, though they eat with their fingers instead of with knives and forks. They never fail to wash their hands after a meal. Even the babies go to the brook, or to the gourd or calabash used as a wash-basin, and wash their mussy little hands after eating poi.

All the children know how to ride, and ride fearlessly and well. Almost every child has a pony, and he will not walk anywhere if it is possible to ride.

There are two things which every Hawaiian child loves—flowers and pets. Many happy hours are spent in gathering flowers and weaving them into garlands, which are worn about the neck or on the hat. Every man, woman, and child has a pet of some kind, often a pig. This little animal is frequently seen cuddled up in the arms of a child, or following its owner about, as a pet dog or cat might.

One of the young people's pastimes interests us very much. This is stilt-walking. They not only walk on stilts, but they dance on stilts in a way that is both graceful and marvelous.

A game of ball played by Hawaiian children is a fascinating thing to watch. They throw up balls and

catch them, not in their hands, but on the ends of pointed sticks.

The Hawaiian children usually are good musicians and sweet singers. They all dance, and many of them



HAWAIIAN CHILDREN IN SWIMMING

are professional dancers. Sometimes they sing as they dance. Sometimes they preface or end their dance with a song.

Though inclined to be indolent, they are quite willing to go to school, and a truant-officer is not often needed. They study well and learn readily.

They write, draw, and paint better than American children do. They copy almost perfectly anything that is given them. They like stories, and can tell you all about the brownies. Indeed, this country was the original home of the brownies, though they are not at all like those which Mr. Cox describes.

These brownies were the grandchildren of the Hawaiian Noah, and lived in the country before the present natives did. When this larger, stronger race came to the islands, the brownies took refuge in the mountains and hid in the dense forests. They are invisible to everyone except their own descendants, of whom there are a few yet living. But others can hear the hum of their voices.

The brownies are hard-working little fellows, and whatever work they do must be finished in one night. Their motto is, "In one night, and by dawn it is finished." In this respect they differ from the Hawaiians whom we know. The real people love to dream away the hours and put off all work until to-morrow.

HOW THE PEOPLE TRAVEL ABOUT

Travelers and mail are carried over the islands by stage routes, much like those of our Western States.

The houses along the stage routes have boxes on posts to receive mail. Where there is no box the driver throws the mail on the ground and blows a blast on his bugle to attract the attention of the residents.

The roads in the city of Honolulu are kept clean and in good order by prisoners, but outside the towns there are few good highways. These country roads are mere paths or trails.

Most of the long journeys about the islands are made on horseback, unless one can go in boats. So every tourist who comes to Hawaii must learn how to ride. The horses are sure-footed, sturdy little beasts, and make their way carefully over the steep mountains and among the rocks.

In the valleys we sometimes see natives riding on bullocks, which are saddled and bridled like horses, and travel faster than one would think possible for beasts so clumsy. Near the cane fields we often meet carts drawn by a dozen or more cattle, driven by Japanese.

One of the curious sights of the country is the mode of transporting lumber over the mountains on pack-



THE NEW RAILROAD ON OAHU ISLAND

mules. They have pack-saddles resembling sawbucks, with sticks of wood extending across. The lumber is tied to these. Two mules go tandem fashion, and carry three or four hundred feet of lumber over mountain-tops which no wagon can cross.

The lumber for all the houses built on the mountain-sides has been transported in this way. The mules are sure-footed and make their way safely along narrow, stony ledges, where it is dangerous for a human being to walk.

Honolulu has a system of street or tram cars drawn by mules or horses. The natives patronize these largely, but the Americans and other foreigners prefer to use cabs and bicycles.

A ride on the railroad around Oahu brings to view many attractive pictures.

Leaving Honolulu, we pass through rice fields and skirt the inland waters of Pearl Harbor. The wonderful tropical vegetation claims our attention on this ride. The fronds of the cocoanuts and other palms, and the leaves of the banana and alligator pear almost brush the car roof.

A ride of a dozen miles brings us to the pretty village of Waimea (Wi-mā'ā), noted as the place where Captain Cook first anchored when he visited the islands.

This place was used as a coaling station by the United States before Hawaii was annexed to our country. These stations are very necessary, for many ocean islands lie so far from continents that an immense amount of coal is consumed during a voyage. Most ships do not carry enough to supply the furnaces for a month's voyage.

TRIPS AMONG THE ISLANDS

Being of a sociable disposition, the Hawaiians are fond of visiting their friends on their own or other islands. Native boats, therefore, are found every-

where; but it requires great skill to handle these, as many of the landing places are dangerous. Some of the wealthier inhabitants have yachts or launches, and frequently make excursions in these along the coast, or from island to island.

The steamboat companies have lines of boats which run between the islands, with regular stopping places. We shall now take advantage of these and visit some of the most interesting points in the little ocean republic.

Twenty-five miles southeast of Oahu is the island of Molokai, the home of the lepers. A steamer from Honolulu visits this island twice each year, carrying mail and passengers who have secured a permit from the government physicians.

When leprosy appeared among the people and began to spread rapidly, the king and others in authority began to consider ways and means of checking it. No cure for leprosy has been found, though many physicians have given years of careful study to the disease. It was finally decided to banish all lepers to Molokai, and a site on that island containing three thousand acres was bought by the government.

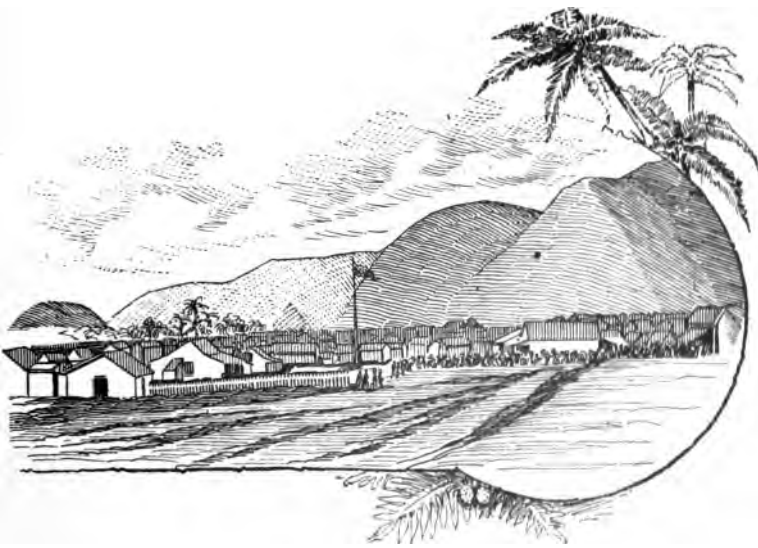
To this place all lepers are sent. They are forbidden to leave, or return to their homes. Here they live, separated from the rest of the world, and allowed only the freedom of a peninsula surrounded on three sides by the sea and on the other by a steep precipice over two thousand feet in height.

The sea is so rough around the isthmus that the lepers cannot swim through it. At times even the boats cannot land.

There is a house on Molokai which is reserved for

visitors and guests. No leper is ever permitted to approach it, though it is in the midst of the village. This house is used by the Board of Health, by tourists, and by those who wish to visit their friends among the lepers.

The lepers are always very glad to see visitors, and look forward with eagerness to the time when the boat



LEPER SETTLEMENT ON MOLOKAI ISLAND

will bring them news from friends with whom they are not permitted to live.

But they are not altogether unhappy. The disease from which they suffer is not very painful, and they go about and enjoy themselves very much as other people do. They have horses and ride about the island; they swim, bathe, and fish in the sea; gather flowers and

make wreaths; attend church, and listen to the music of their band.

The government provides the lepers with houses, food, and clothing. They have hospitals, physicians, and nurses for the sick; schools and churches, teachers

and ministers.

There are also missionaries on the island who have left their homes to live among lepers and become lepers themselves for the purpose of christianizing them.



FATHER JOSEPH DAMIEN

Among these noble men was Father Joseph Damien, a Roman Catholic priest. He left his home in Belgium when a very young man, to do

missionary work in the isles of the Pacific. At this time there was no minister on the island of Molokai. No one cared to remain there any length of time, for fear of contracting leprosy.

When Father Damien heard of the need of a missionary for the lepers, he decided at once to go, and

spend his life among them. His life was a very hard one. He scarcely took time to eat or sleep. He had no house to live in, so he was obliged to build one. He had no church in which to preach, but he built this also.

He was obliged to be a carpenter, a teacher, a doctor, and a nurse, as well as a preacher. But he was very happy to be of so much service to these people without hope of cure, and he worked away quite contentedly.

His friends feared that he, too, would become a leper, if he continued among them, and begged him to give up his work. He would not consent; he preferred to yield up his life rather than give up his beloved work. For twelve years he worked faithfully and lovingly, and then he, too, became a leper.

Other priests and ministers, encouraged by this noble man's example, went to Molokai to help better the condition of the people. When Father Damien died, after sixteen years' service, these missionaries took up his work.

The people throughout the world had heard of the good deeds of this heroic priest, and sent him a number of beautiful presents to cheer his last days. After his death the people of England erected a monument to his memory.

THE ISLAND OF MAUI

Near Molokai is the island of Maui, which we will visit in order to see Haleakala (Hä'lā-äh'kā-lā'), the largest extinct volcano in the world.

Maui, the second in size of the Hawaiian Islands, consists of two large areas united by an isthmus about

eight miles wide. We land at Lahaina (Lä-hi'nä), a town on the west side of the smaller part of the island.

From this place we drive to the valley of Iao (E-ä'o). This valley is walled in by cliffs six thousand feet high in some places. These cliffs are covered with ferns and candle-nut shrubs. In many places waterfalls tumble over the bluffs and into the valley below.

We find the little towns of Maui very windy places. In one village great heaps of sand are deposited in the streets by the sea, and everything is coated with the dust which constantly blows off the land.

Maui has an apple orchard which is said to be the largest in the world. It is worth going leagues to see. For miles it extends along the mountains and stretches to the sea.

In the harvest season, from July to September, the trees are loaded with fruit—some of the largest trees bearing fifty bushels each. The natives and birds feast on this fruit for a few days, but most of it is left to decay. When ripe, it cannot be kept for more than four days.

There are large sugar plantations on the island, that might be reached by means of a small railway, but time will not permit us to visit them, for we wish to see the crater of Haleakala.

The trip to the volcano we find not an easy one. The road is rough, and as we ascend the mountain it grows very cold and blustery. We do not wonder at the cold when we are told that Haleakala is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The crater is eighteen miles around and two thousand

feet deep. The floor of the volcano is rough and jagged, with high cones here and there.

But the lava that once boiled and seethed in this huge shell is now cold and hard, and only the color tells us of the fierce fire that once raged here.

THE ISLAND OF HAWAII

Now let us journey over to another island, Hawaii, the largest of the group, and the one from which the islands take their name.

Tourists rarely fail to visit this island, for it contains one of the marvels of the world—the great volcano Kilauea (Kee-low-ā'ā).

We take the steamer at Hilo (Hee'lō), a town at the foot of the noted volcano. The boat takes us through the inland channels and keeps so near the coast that the shores may be easily seen.

A gleaming, sandy beach first appears; higher up are gray rocks and stately palms; above that miles of sugar-cane; and farther inland, the green coffee plantations. On one side towers Mauna Loa (Mow'nā Lō'ā), covered with perpetual snows; on the other the smoking peak of Kilauea, burning with fire.

The captain tells us that when this volcano is most active the flames may be seen one hundred miles out at sea, and that people miles away are able to read newspapers by the glow.

We are told to carry our rain coats with us constantly in Hilo, for not a day passes that does not bring a shower. We find this to be true, but these rains do not last long.

We spend the afternoon very pleasantly in walking

about the lovely little town, admiring the tropical foliage and the wonderful flower gardens.

Hilo is the second town in size on the islands, and is the capital of the Island of Hawaii. It has a population of five thousand, and is of commercial importance, being the principal port for the coffee and cocoanut trade.



TRAVELER'S PALM

The soil of the island is very rich, and it leads in the production of coffee. There are also many sugar plantations in Hawaii.

Coffee culture is becoming one of the leading industries of the country. Much of the land used for this purpose is covered with a thick crust of

lava. Holes are drilled in this lava and the cuttings or trees planted in them. They grow and thrive, too, without any further care.

Two trees we find growing here which are both useful and ornamental. One of these is called the Traveler's Palm. By breaking off a leaf we may get a good cup of water. The leaf stalks collect and hold water from *the rains*. The leaves resemble those of the banana.

The other notable tree is the papaya, or tropical pawpaw. It is grown as much for ornament as for its fruit, which clusters around the trunk, close up under the branches. The fruit is as large as a melon, and pigs and poultry are very fond of it.

The tree matures and bears fruit in eight or nine months after being planted as a seed. It yields ripe fruit every month for years. The unripe fruit contains a milky juice that renders quite tender any tough meat that is washed in it.

Cocoanut Island, near Hilo, is another sight for eyes to feast upon. From this beautiful spot we get a view



PAPAYA TREE

of Hilo and the surrounding country that amply rewards us for our long journey.

It is said that the cocoanuts here lie so thickly on the ground at times that one cannot walk without

stepping on them. Sometimes they drop from the trees and roll down the beach. The tide floats them to Hawaii Island, where they are picked up by the natives.

We also visit the little lagoon near Hilo, and see coral growing. We pick up lovely specimens with the stones upon which it is built in these shallow waters.

A mile from Hilo we are shown one of the most attractive bits of natural scenery in all Hawaii—Rainbow Falls. The water, dashing over a precipice, produces a spray which makes a beautiful rainbow whenever the sun shines upon it.

THE GREATEST VOLCANO IN THE WORLD

But we are impatient to be off for the volcano we have come so far to see. It is a drive of thirty miles from Hilo, but an excellent road takes us up the mountain.

We start early in the morning, and noon finds us tired and quite ready to stop at the Halfway House, a little hotel built on the mountain for the convenience of tourists.

Higher and higher we climb up the mountain, and cooler and cooler grows the air. We are glad of the extra wraps we have brought with us.

Near the summit a hotel called "The Volcano House" has been built. Here we procure guides to conduct us to points from which we may see the interior of the crater without danger. We make arrangements to remain at the hotel over night, as the most beautiful effect of the volcano is to be secured after *dark*.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we start for the pit of the volcano. We walk two miles over the floor of the crater before reaching the lakes of fire. We can see the flames and smoke, however, and hear the noise of the heaving, tossing waves of lava, even at this distance. (See Frontispiece.)

The pit of Kilauea is nine miles in circumference and over eight hundred feet deep. The walls are perpendicular excepting in one place. Here we make our descent into the crater.

The lava bed over which we walk was once a heaving sea of boiling lava. It is now broken up by fissures through which heat is issuing. It is necessary for our guide to keep a sharp lookout, as the lakes of lava are constantly changing.

At a distance we see a lake throwing up fireworks thirty feet high. Lava, looking like balls of fire, rolls from it. The lake is about a thousand feet long and almost as wide, and around the edge is a rim of lava. Inside this rim hundreds of little fires are sending up smoke and flames.

The lava, though boiling, does not flow over the rim, and we watch it without fear. Big bubbles form and break, and from them fires burst out. The crust separates into cakes, and these sink. Flames—perfect fountains of fire—spring upward fifty feet into the air, and the whole lake is one boiling, leaping, hissing mass.

We turn our faces to screen them from the great heat. Our shoes begin to get hot and shrivel up, and we slowly retreat. We are obliged to cover our mouths with our handkerchiefs, to avoid being suffocated by the noxious gases.

Our guide tells us that the lava is boiling under our very feet, just a little below the surface.

After watching this wonderful sight for two hours or more, we return to the Volcano House. It is now dark and we walk Indian file, each with a lantern. It is necessary to watch our footsteps closely. Great cracks in the earth make the walk a dangerous one. One step from the path might send us into one of these chasms.

The natives formerly believed this crater to be the home of Pele (Pē'lē), the fire goddess. When she came down from her home, ruin followed in her footsteps. In order to secure her good will they made her offerings of fruit, of pigs, and of hens.

If the volcano became unusually violent, the king would order a number of persons to be thrown into the crater to appease the anger of the terrible goddess who made her home in this "House of Everlasting Fire."

KAUAI ISLAND

Barking sands—it sounds rather odd, does it not? But they certainly do bark. We both see and hear them. The Hawaiian stands before us with a bag of sand which, when tossed about, produces a sound very much like the bark of a dog.

He tells us that the sand came from Kauai (Kow-wi'), "The Garden Isle." He declares, too, that the foliage and scenery of this island are wonderful; as are also the rainbows seen here every day in the year.

This interests us. We decide that we should like to see this place for ourselves, as it is only a day's trip from Honolulu.

We find the barking sands about a dozen miles beyond Waimea, at Mana. A line of low sand hills borders the beach here. As we walk over them the sound of barking greets our ears. The cause of this is said to be the compression of air between the particles of sand.

And this is not the only wonder which Waimea produces. We have read often, in stories of the desert, of the *mirage*—a natural phenomenon which sometimes appears to travelers. But we never expected to see it for ourselves. Along the road near Waimea is a sandy tract that turns before our very eyes into a lake of glistening water. Trees seem to rise up out of the water, and horses and cattle appear to be feeding on grass below the water.

It all looks so real that we cannot believe it a mirage. As we move toward the lake, however, it disappears, and in its place we find nothing but sand.

There is an ostrich farm on this island, and we are fortunate in being allowed to see these curious birds in their own home.



ON THE OSTRICH FARM

We next visit the Koula (Ko-ō'lā) Falls of the Hanapepe (Han-a-pe'pe) River. This river flows between walls almost perpendicular, and two thousand feet high. The falls are at the head of a gorge. Here the river takes a drop of three hundred feet and comes down with a terrific roar, filling the gorge with spray like mist.

We do not find much else of interest on this island except the great fields of sugar and rice.

THE ISLAND OF LEYSON

Leyson, the most westerly of the Hawaiian Islands, is rather small, containing not more than a hundred square miles. It is a desolate place, having no mountains, high elevations, or forests, and is valuable only because of its guano beds.

The island is interesting to us because it is a sea bird rookery. Sea birds—gulls, ducks, and frigate birds—gather here by the millions, covering the ground completely for miles.

These birds are not good for food, and their feathers are of no account, so they are left undisturbed. They are very tame, and may be taken up in the hand. They gather on the car track in such numbers that a man has to sit in front of the car, as it is drawn by the mules, and push them out of the way with a stick.

Their living they obtain from the sea. On the island they lay their eggs, hatch, and die by millions. Their decaying bones help to form the guano (gwā'nō) which is gathered and exported to other Hawaiian islands and to the Pacific Coast. Hundreds of tons of this fertilizer are shipped away every year.

At the rookery the birds lay eggs in such numbers that they are gathered in wheelbarrows, loaded on cars, and transferred to a ship. They are sent across the



GATHERING SEA-BIRD EGGS ON LEYSON ISLAND

ocean for the manufacture of commercial albumin—a substance used for fixing colors in calico-printing, for clarifying liquids, and in some of the processes of photography.

ANIMAL LIFE

When Captain Cook came to Hawaii, the only animals he found were dogs, swine, and mice. He brought goats with him; later, other explorers introduced horses, cattle, and sheep.

The natives were greatly delighted when horses were

brought to the islands, and it was not long before the Hawaiian people became the fine and fearless riders they now are.

On some of the islands wild pigs, dogs, goats, deer, cattle, turkeys, ducks, and pheasants may be found. Domestic animals are now very plentiful.

Some of the small, uninhabited islands are used as grazing grounds for immense herds of cattle, which are cared for by native cowboys. Other small islands are given up entirely to sheep ranches.

We find no snakes or poisonous insects in Hawaii. The bite of the centipede or scorpion (skôr'pĭ-ŭn) is not dangerous, and no more importance is attached to it than to the sting of a bee.

There is a kind of bee in Hawaii, called the carpenter bee, which looks something like the bumblebee. It does not often sting, but it does much damage by boring or burrowing into wood.

The ants in Hawaii also are considered a great pest. They dig among the roots of plants and trees and destroy them. They also bore their way through shingles of roofs and into timbers, and sometimes undermine houses. On this account slate or iron roofs are often used.

Flies are scarce here, and very few houses have screens at doors or windows.

At first we are alarmed at the large spiders which we find in our rooms. The people tell us, however, that they are harmless and are allowed to remain in the bedrooms because they feed on the mosquitoes which make life here uncomfortable.

These small musicians are with us day and night

They meet us on our arrival, follow us through the day, and keep us from sleep with their music at night. The mosquito nets which cover the beds protect us at night; but when day comes, other enterprising members of the same family appear. These day mosquitoes are large striped insects, with particularly sharp, stinging tongues.

Most of the cockroaches one sees here are two inches long and an inch broad.

There are few birds in Hawaii, and those we see have very sober coats. Sometimes we hear strange noises in the attic at night, and are told that they come from the Mynah (Mý'nà) bird, perched on the roof.

The same saucy bird comes to our window in the morning, sits on the window sill, and awakens us with his war-whoop.

These birds are mischievous and thievish, like our crows, but look more like the robin. They are reddish brown, with long yellow legs and yellow rims around their eyes. They were brought from India to rid the country of caterpillars; and now that they have done this work they propose to enjoy themselves.

The rats are very destructive to sugar-cane, and gnaw down and destroy much more than they can use for food. In one day a rat catcher, with his band of terriers, can rid a place of rats, and the planters are glad to employ his services.

Rats are very fond of cocoanuts as well as of sugar-cane, and often make their nests among the trees. The trunks of cocoanut trees are not straight, but lean in many directions; so the rats find them easy to climb. These vandals gnaw through the husk and

shell of the fruit, and eat the meat and drink the milk without danger from the rat catcher.

At one place we notice an animal about as big as a rabbit. It has thick fur and a large, bushy tail. The guide tells us that it is the mongoose, and was originally brought to the island to destroy rats.

The rats are afraid of the mongoose, but if caught, fight fiercely, and so the mongoose prefers to eat poultry and eggs, which it can easily secure. It has proved so destructive in this way that it is considered a great nuisance.

PLANT LIFE

Everywhere we go, we notice little taro patches; and often we see men and women working in them, standing up to their knees in water. These patches are very small; but we are told that an acre will supply a family with food for a year.

Taro is the principal food plant of the island. It is a tuber, similar to the beet in size and form, but having a bluish tinge.

The plant has no stalk, but has large, heart-shaped leaves which give to a taro patch the appearance of a pond of lilies without blossoms.

The taro is a water plant. It is grown in beds of mud surrounded by earth, turf, or stone walls, upon which water flows from irrigating ditches. It is planted much as we plant potatoes, and is then kept covered with water for a year or more.

The leaves of this plant, when cooked, make a fine substitute for spinach. When raw, the tuber has a nutty flavor. The natives boil or bake it, and serve *it as the potato* is served.

Poi, the favorite food of the natives, is made of taro. The taro is baked, pounded to a pulp, mixed with water, and strained through a coarse cloth. The poi tastes like buttermilk.

When the poi is made, it is put into vessels, and set in a cold place for a few days to ferment. After fermentation, it is considered ready for food.

The method of eating poi is very simple. A large round bowl, sometimes as big as a bushel basket, or a calabash, is placed in the center of a mat on the ground. The family gather round it, and proceed to help themselves. The poi is eaten with the fingers, and a stranger finds it very difficult to learn the exact twist by which the liquid can be raised on two fingers to the mouth.



TARO PLANT

As the preparation of poi is hard work, and as the Hawaiian is not fond of work, whenever able he employs a Japanese servant to make his poi for him. The manufacture of poi is also carried on by steam power and with machinery for the sugar planters.

Sometimes we see poi sold in the streets in calabashes. The taro from which it is made is also carried about on poles by venders.

Many of the white people now use this food, as it is wholesome and easily digested.

Much of the rice we consume in the United States is brought from Hawaii. As we have noted, there are a great many Chinese here; and as rice is their principal and favorite food, they raise immense quantities of it.



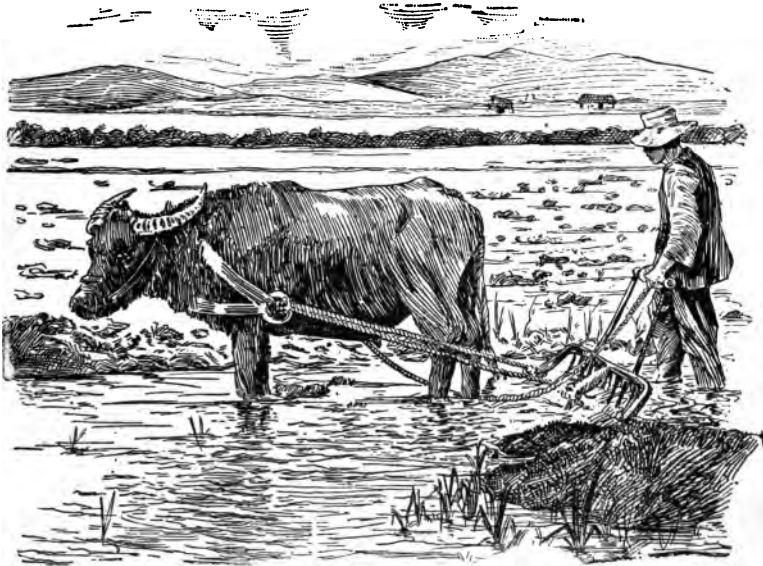
A TARO PEDLER

Much of the low, swampy land is used for the cultivation of rice, and the rice fields, with their plodding Chinese workmen and the curious looking buffaloes they employ as draft animals, interest us very much. White men will not, or cannot, work in these fields;

for, in order to do this, it is necessary to stand in the water much of the time.

Rice is sown in water, with which it remains covered until about six inches high. The water is then drawn off and the rice transplanted. The roots must be kept under water from this time on for about six months, or until the plants have completed their growth.

The Chinese workmen do not like modern machinery or new and improved ways of doing things. They



PLOWING A RICE FIELD WITH A BUFFALO OX

prefer to work just as their ancestors have worked for hundreds and hundreds of years, even if it makes their labor harder. They do not want wagons or railways to help carry home the rice. They would

rather walk to and from the fields, and carry the rice themselves.

It is an odd sight to see these Chinese laborers coming home during the harvest, laden with their sheaves or bundles. A bundle is hung on each end of a stick,



ENJOYING HIS SUGAR-CANE

and the stick is balanced on their shoulders. Then a number of the harvesters start in a line, on a half run, for the thrashing floor.

Sugar-cane is the chief source of wealth of many Hawaiian people. Millions of dollars' worth of sugar is sent away from the islands every year. Most of this comes to our own country.

Most tourists wish to visit the large sugar plantations in Hawaii, and we will do so, in order to compare them with our own, and with those we have seen in Cuba and Porto Rico.

Much of the fertile land of the islands is planted with

sugar-cane, which has proved a very profitable crop. There is no stated time for planting, cutting, or grinding here, and sometimes these all go on at the same time.

On these plantations portable railways are used, as are also the best plows, cultivators, and other machinery that can be obtained. Almost all the plantations have railroads, and sometimes several plantations are connected by a single railroad. These transport laborers, machinery, and cane to or from the fields.

On the small plantations the sugar is sent to the mills in carts drawn by horses or oxen. Sometimes the cane is carried to the mill in flumes. These are wooden troughs on high trestles. The flumes are filled with water, and a slight incline toward the mill makes a current. The cane, placed in these, quickly floats down to the mill.

The laborers in the cane fields are Japanese. They make better workmen than the natives, and are satisfied with smaller wages. The planter gives them houses and fuel, and furnishes them with a doctor when they are sick. Near the plantations we see Japanese homes, with their pretty flower and vegetable gardens. Here the people lead happy, contented lives, and we do not wonder that they prefer Hawaii to their own country.

We have spoken of Hawaii as a country of flowers, and yet we do not find flowers growing in abundance by the roadside and in the fields. Strange to say most of the flowers are in the treetops.

Here the oleanders are as big as trees, and the begonias grow in great clumps, with large, beautiful leaves. And there are whole hedges of the night-blooming

cereus (sé'ri-üs), that rare plant which at home we see only in the hothouses.

Many of the walls and buildings are covered with vines bearing gorgeous blossoms.

Few of the plants and trees which add so much to the beauty of these islands are native to Hawaii. They have been brought from different parts of the world by missionaries and others who have made their homes here.

Almost the only native trees are the cocoanut, the candle-nut, and two or three others. The cocoanut grows near the shore, and never strays far from the salt water. It is as useful in Hawaii as in Porto Rico.*

At one time the island was covered with sandalwood trees, but these have almost all been destroyed. The trees are small, but the wood is fragrant and highly valued by the Chinese. It is used to make boxes, fans, and cabinets and other pieces of furniture, which are often elaborately carved.

The algeraba, though not a native tree, has proved itself a blessing to the Hawaiian Islands. It is the only tree aside from the palm that can take root in the lava-covered mountainsides. Its fine feathery leaves give a thick shade, its wood furnishes fuel, and it bears a pod of rich beans which are used as food for cattle.

The lantana, with flowers of gold and vermillion, attracts our attention by its loveliness. It grows everywhere, on the hills and in the valleys, and the people cannot rid themselves of it.

The bamboo, a giant grass, is quite common. The natives use its stems to prepare a substance from which

*See "*Little Journey to Porto Rico*," pages 65-67.

they weave hats—fine, white, and beautiful. From it they also make lovely mats and baskets.

Along the edges of streams, and on the sides of ravines, clumps of ginger plants ten to fifteen feet high are growing. Their heads are crowned with fragrant



PRISONERS EATING POI

creamy or waxlike flowers. The ginger plant blossoms are much used by the natives in making garlands.

Think of ferns growing twenty or thirty feet high! Among the ferns in the forest which we notice especially is one called the Bird's Nest Fern. Its leaves grow from the juncture of the bough with the tree, and resemble a bird's nest, or pot of green feathers. The bark of this fern is over six inches thick, and is often

cut into long strips and used for making steps and paths.

From another fern a soft fuzz is taken and used to stuff bedding. This fuzz is as warm as feathers.

We notice a peculiar bitter-sweet fragrance in the air, and our guide points out the tree from which it comes—the screw palm. The natives use the leaves of this tree to make mats, hats, and grass houses. The fruit looks like a pineapple. From it a delicious little nut is obtained. The natives use sections of the fruit strung together for necklaces.

The mango tree, which grows here, is beautiful and attractive. It grows as tall as the oak, and has a rich and glossy foliage. The fruit is shaped something like a short, thick cucumber, and is as large as a large pear. It has a thick, tough skin, and a delicious, juicy pulp. When ripe, it is golden in color.

The alligator pear grows on a tree with laurel-like leaves, from seventy to seventy-five feet high. The fruit is like a huge pear, with a smooth, green skin, which turns brown if the pear be allowed to hang too long.

CONCLUSION

At the wharf the laborers are busy with goods which are to be shipped to the United States on the vessel that is to take us there. If we could examine the contents of the boxes and bags at the docks we should find sugar, rice, fruits and nuts, coffee, skins, hides and wool.

What shall we take home as mementoes of our visit?

While we have been thinking about this, the natives also have been thinking. They know our ship sails to-morrow, and at this moment, this last afternoon, come to the hotel with the very things we wish.

They spread their wares about on the veranda, in order that we may make our selections. There are



BUYING SOUVENIRS OF HAWAII

fans and mats made of dried grasses; wooden walking sticks decorated with carved figures; baskets, bags, beadwork, belts made of seeds, lace mats, and necklaces of the candle tree beads.

We make our selections and pay for them. The sellers are pleased, and so are we.

And now we must leave this "Paradise of the Pacific," these "Rainbow Islands," with their fountains of molten lava, their coffee, sugar, and rice fields, their surrounding green hills, and their famous "singing sands."

It is hard to sail away from these balmy, beautiful shores, but the ship gong sounds its warning, and we leave our new-made friends at the wharf with warm-hearted farewells.

"Aloha! Aloha!" call soft voices from every side. Friends have crowned us with offerings of flowers and wreaths of garlands as the last good-by was said. The band stationed at the wharf plays sad, sweet strains, which linger in our ears long after the ship has left the harbor.

Will our visit to the Philippines be as delightful? we wonder. Shall we leave those islands with as much reluctance as we leave Hawaii? Next month will tell.

A Little Journey to the Philippine Islands

WE are becoming famous tourists, are we not? What a fine trip that was we had to the cities and plantations of Cuba! And how interested we were in all we saw on our ocean voyage from New York to San Juan, and in those pleasant trips along the shore and over the mountains and plains of Porto Rico!

Then we "got our sea-legs on," as the sailors say, by that delightful four-thousand-mile round-trip ocean ride to Hawaii, the Land of Rainbows and Flowers.

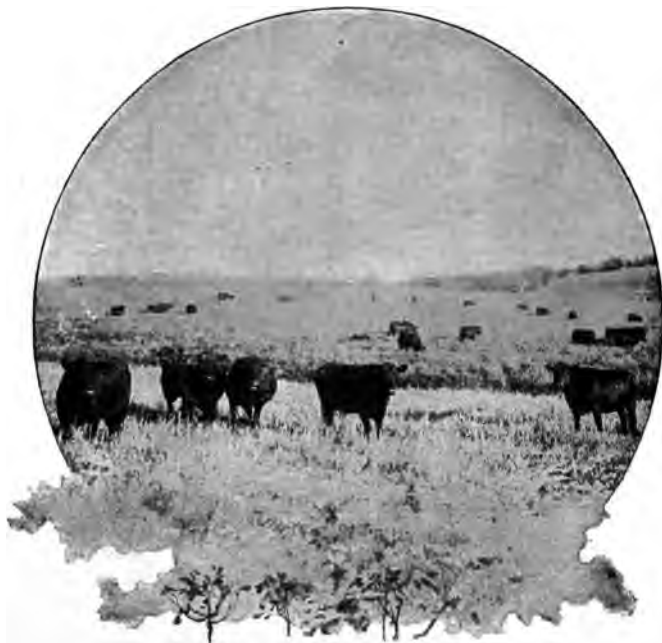
Now the fever of "globe-trotting" is in our veins, and we have made up our minds to follow across the Pacific the man who first sailed around the world.

We are anxious to see for ourselves the proofs which the geographies give us that the earth is a sphere. We intend to watch the sky every night, as more and more of the globe comes between us and the Great Northern Bear. By and by we shall turn our faces and hunt for the Southern Cross.

We have taken a good rest. For we have determined upon the longest journey of all—to the wonderful Philippine (fil'ip-in) Archipelago—and we shall travel over sixteen thousand miles before we reach home again.

A part of our trip must be by railroad, so we gather in Chicago for the start. We buy tickets for San Francisco, check our baggage, and are ready for departure long before our train is called.

In talking with a courteous agent of the Santa Fe System, we learn that many things are yet to be done



ON THE IOWA PRAIRIE

by the railroad officials and employees to provide for our comfort and convenience on this long journey.

Perhaps you wonder what there is to do? Let us see. Watch the overland train as it pulls in at the depot. Tired-looking, dusty people come pouring out of the coaches, which are themselves covered with dust,

soot, and fine ashes. The train evidently needs a washing.

The floors and seats of the coaches are covered with dust and littered with papers, lunch bags and boxes. Some house-cleaning must be done here before the train may be sent on another long journey.

In the dining-car and sleepers are piles of soiled linen. These must be gathered up and sent to the laundry. Fresh linen must be supplied, and the refrigerators of the dining-car are to be stocked with all manner of good things to eat.

The engine must be cleaned and overhauled, also. So away it goes to the roundhouse. Having been pronounced in good condition, it is taken to the fuel track and its tender is filled with coal. Next it goes to the sand-house, where several bushels of sand are poured into its sand-box; and now off it is switched to the standpipe, where over three thousand gallons of water are emptied into its tank.

The coaches are swept, dusted and aired, and washed inside and out, and the metal fixtures are polished. Next, the tanks which supply the lamps with gas are filled; or, if the cars are lighted with electricity, the storage battery in each car is charged. The water coolers are filled, the wheels and air-brakes are tested, the conductors, brakemen, and porters are sent to their stations, and the train is ready for a fresh trip.

Meantime, our train is called and we hurry aboard. Our hand-baggage is soon disposed of, and we start on a tour of inspection through the train. First come the baggage, express, and mail cars. Next are the

passenger coaches, and last the sleepers, the dining-car, and an observation car.

Some of the coaches have chairs, and some double seats. The tourist sleepers are upholstered in rattan, and are cool and clean looking. The Pullman sleepers

are fitted up with every luxury that one could ask for. The dining-car has tables made attractive with flowers, glass and silver. And the observation car has easy chairs, tables, books and magazines.

We sit by the window and watch the ever-changing pictures which present themselves to our eyes as we speed on our way. Going



PIKE'S PEAK

from Chicago to Kansas City we cross three great states—Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri; and two mighty rivers—the Mississippi and the Missouri.

We dine while traveling forty miles an hour across

the rolling Kansas prairies. In the evening and during the night our train is climbing the long approaches to the Rocky Mountains. In the early dawn



OUR TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA

Pike's Peak is faintly visible away to the north; but the morning sun upon their lofty heads brings out more clearly the Spanish Peaks.

Now the scene constantly changes, like a panorama. "Beautiful," "wonderful," "sublime," are the words that escape us as we wind our way along the river valleys, through tunnels, between the walls of great cañons, and along the sides of majestic mountain ranges.

At the stations, Indians in their native garb look at us in stolid silence, or offer us their wares as curios.

Leaving Colorado behind, and going from New Mexico to Arizona, we pass over the continental divide, and wind in and out among wild and rugged mountain peaks on our way down to the Colorado River.

Across the desolate desert we go, choked by the alkali dust and stifled by the heat. A break between the Nevada and Coast Ranges lets us through into the great valley which they enclose. Down this we hasten to San Francisco.

In less than four days we have ridden nearly twenty-eight hundred miles, have seen broad plains and lofty mountains, and have learned something of the vastness of our native land.

OUTWARD BOUND

It is on a beautiful day in November that we go aboard our ship in San Francisco Harbor, prepared to start on the longest single ocean voyage in the world.

Suddenly a bell rings, there is a signal or two from the bridge, the ponderous engines away down in the depths of the ship begin to pulsate, the vessel glides away from the dock, and we are off on our long journey.

It is afternoon. We stand by the guard rail upon the main deck, taking a last look at San Francisco and its beautiful bay. To the left the city rises in terraces. To the right are picturesque green shores and hills. We are headed for the Golden Gate and the open sea.

To banish from our minds the sadness of departure, we listen to what an officer of the ship is telling a passenger. He states that San Francisco Bay has a sur-

face of sixteen hundred square miles, and that its Golden Gate is three and a half miles long and one mile wide.

Indeed, it seems a golden gateway to us when we learn that over one thousand vessels annually pass through it bound for Atlantic or foreign ports, and that



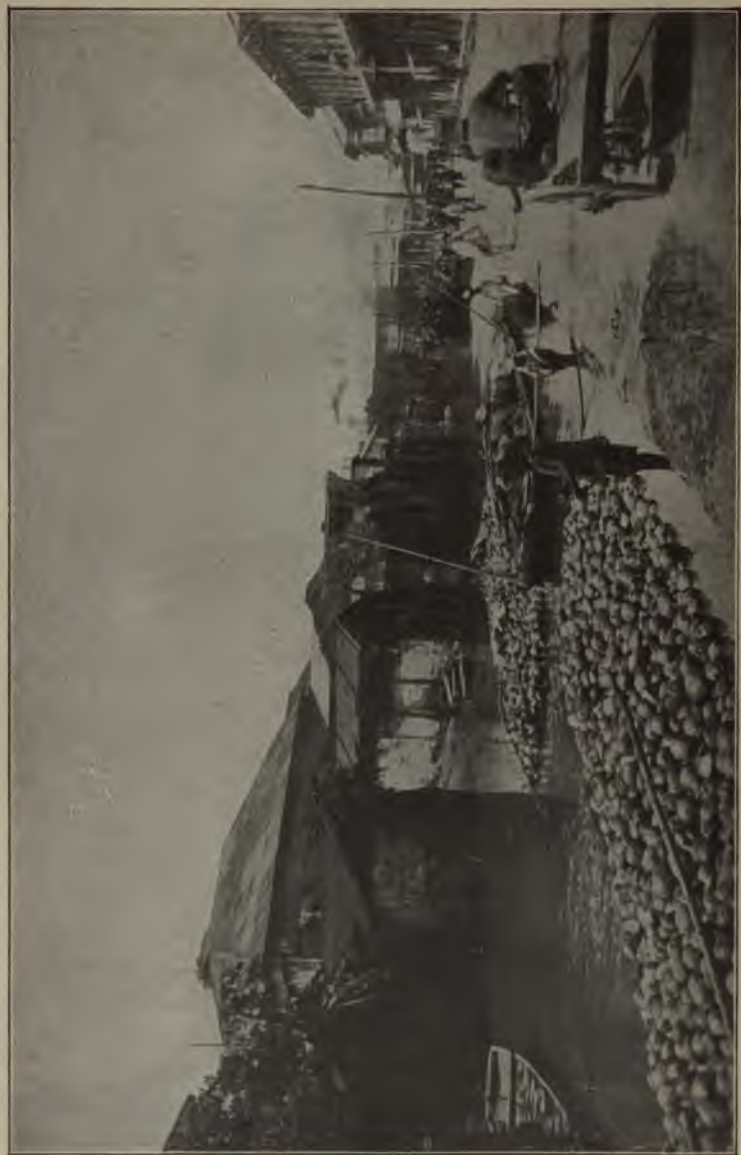
OUR PACIFIC STEAMER

these carry cargoes amounting to nearly 1,500,000 tons, merchandise worth \$45,000,000 and treasure shipments valued at \$35,000,000.

As city, lighthouse, and headlands gradually fade from our sight, we turn our faces toward the setting sun. Yet so far away are the islands of our destination that they are termed "The East"!

How we shall pass away the time is a question now confronting us, for we have before us a yovage of over seven thousand miles, occupying probably thirty-two days, before we reach Manila, the capital of the Philippines.

Between times spent in forming acquaintances,



TAKING COCOANUTS TO MARKET

taking part in games, making tours of the ship, and watching the surge of the sea, we take up the books that we have brought with us, to inform ourselves more fully on the subject of

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE

We do not read far before we are both interested and surprised. These islands are such dots on our maps, and our geographies tell us so little about them, we had no idea that they cover over a hundred thousand square miles of land, and are inhabited by over eight millions of people. So we take abundant notes.

The Philippine Islands were discovered by Magellan (ma-jěl'an), a Portuguese navigator, who, in the interest of Spain, made the first voyage around the world. That is, his vessel made the voyage; Magellan himself was killed in the Philippines.

After sailing around South America and across the Pacific Ocean, he reached the islands of Mindanao (měn-dā-nā'o) and Cebu (sē-bōō'), in the summer of 1521.

Magellan and the native king made a treaty. They used both the Spanish religious ceremony and the native ceremony of an exchange of blood, in token of brotherhood.

Here, as in Cuba and Porto Rico, the voyagers from Spain dishonored their native country by acts of treachery. The islanders at first treated the strangers with much liberality and kindness. But when those accepted as brothers undertook to be conquerors, masters and robbers, a deadly hatred sprang up between the natives and the Spaniards.

Forty years after Magellan's discovery, Philip II of Spain sent a famous leader, Legaspi (lay-gās'pee), to take possession of the islands, and to convert the natives to Christianity.

Legaspi sailed from the west coast of Mexico with four hundred soldiers and sailors and six Augustine



AMERICAN TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES

monks. Between 1565 and 1571 a number of the islands were reduced to subjection, at several coast points. Legaspi named the group after King Philip. The first city council was established at Manila, June 24, 1571. Forms of government were outlined and

partly executed. Various efforts were made by other nations to take the islands away from the Spaniards. Portugal maintained that she owned them, and tried to take possession. But the Portuguese were driven off by Legaspi.

China and Japan both claimed the islands; and the Chinese sent several expeditions against the Spaniards. The largest and fiercest of these was sent three or four years after the Spaniards had established their government at Manila. The Chinese general had sixty-two

armed junks, four thousand men and fifteen hundred women. He expected to conquer the islands and to establish a Chinese colony there. But he was defeated; many of the soliders and sailors were slain, and many were driven into the mountains as fugitives. The remainder fled back to China.

The Chinese who were driven into the mountains of Luzon (lōō-zōn') settled on the island, and married native women. Others slipped over quietly from China, from time to time. Then they began to settle in the valleys and to cultivate the soil. They are to day the leading gardeners in the islands.

But the Spaniards always hated and despised these Mongolians, and treated them shamefully. In 1662 several thousand were put to death because of a report that they were trying to get a Chinese force to attack the island. The Spaniards made an attempt to slay all men, women and children with Chinese blood in them.

In 1709 another massaere occurred. Several hundred Chinese were killed, and the property of the others was taken away and divided between the Church and the State.

But, though ill-treated, hated, and abused, the Chinese have steadily increased in numbers in the Philippines. In many of the cities they are the chief tradesmen and mechanics. They are also the best farmers in the islands.

The English captured the Philippines in 1762, but gave them back to Spain in 1763. Spain finally lost them forever in her war with the United States.

INSURRECTIONS AGAINST SPANISH CONTROL

The uprisings of the people of the various islands against Spanish control were numerous and extensive. Many of the tribes, in fact, were never fully conquered. The causes for these revolts were various. The people naturally wished to get rid of their conquerors.



NIPA BARRACKS NEAR MANILA

But they might have been pacified had it not been for the cruelty, the treachery, and the greed of the Spanish officials.

The last notable insurrection was under the leadership of Don Emilio Aguinaldo (äĥ-gē-näl'dō), a young man, but one of acknowledged ability, shrewdness and *energy*.

The Spanish Government attempted to subdue this rebellion, not by fighting, but by bribery and false promises. It offered \$800,000 and certain concessions to the Filipino (fil-íp-pé'nō) leaders to put an end to the insurrection. The leaders accepted the offer, and one-half the money was paid. This the insurgents afterward used in the purchase of arms and ammunition to fight the Spaniards for breaking their promise to give relief from abuses.

While this contest was going on, war was declared between Spain and the United States. A fleet under Admiral Dewey sailed from Hongkong, entered Manila Bay, destroyed a Spanish fleet found there, took possession of the forts, arsenals and city of Manila, and put an end to Spanish control.

By a treaty of peace signed in Paris, France, December 10, 1898, the future control, disposition, and government of the Philippine Islands were ceded to the United States, which assumed a debt of \$20,000,000 owing for certain improvements.

General Otis, then in command at Manila, made known these facts in a public proclamation, by order of President McKinley. He quoted a letter from the President in which was stated that it would be the aim of the United States to win the confidence, respect, and affection of the people of the Philippine Islands, and, further, that the United States would try to establish a good government and give the inhabitants all the rights and liberties belonging to a free people.

General Aguinaldo also issued a proclamation. He refused to recognize the government of the United States, and declared the Philippines independent. The

Filipino soldiers finally attacked the United States forces, and fighting is still going on between them.

A WONDERFUL ARCHIPELAGO

Our eagerness to visit these distant lands of the great sea is vastly increased by what we read of their extent and of the strange inhabitants.

Just think of it! The archipelago begins within five degrees of the equator and extends north about one thousand miles. It is nearly six hundred miles wide at the widest part, and it contains over fifteen hundred islands. Between these islands are numerous straits and a vast interior sea.

There is no Philippine nation. Instead there are numerous governments; the people are divided into over eighty different tribes, and there are over seventy-five different languages spoken among them.

The people in the cities and along the coast are more or less civilized; but many of the natives in the interior are still savages; they go without clothing, and live like wild animals.

The islands are for the most part the result of volcanic eruptions and the work of the coral polyps.* There are several active volcanoes, a number of hot springs, and many lakes and rivers with picturesque scenery. In 1899 a new island was pushed up by volcanic action.

A passenger on the ship tells us of lofty volcanic and other mountain peaks, vast forests, luxuriant tropical plants and vines, birds of variegated and beautiful plumage as well as of odd appearance, strange animals,

**See explanation on page 5 of "A Little Journey to Hawaii."*



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
AND THE
CHINA SEA.

SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.

rich mineral deposits, interesting cities and villages—and we eagerly seek for more information.

We are told that there are thirty-two important islands. Of these, Luzon in the north and Mindanao in the south are the largest. Luzon is about the size of the State of Ohio, and has 41,000 square miles of land. Mindanao is about as large as Indiana, and has an area of 37,000 square miles.

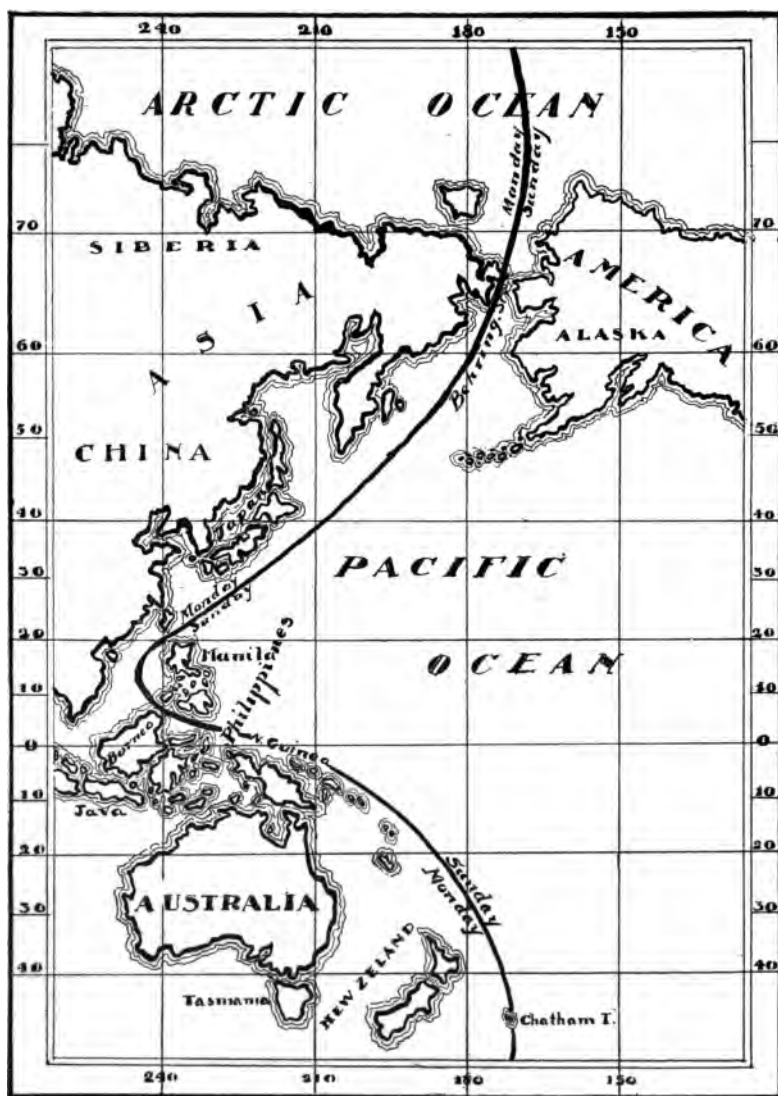
The total area of the group is thought to be about 114,000 square miles. The population is estimated at from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000. No accurate census has ever been taken.

On board we meet a gentleman who is connected with the United States Weather Bureau, and we sit down for a chat about the climate of the Philippines.

Being between the equator and the Tropic of Cancer, the islands have a warm climate, the temperature usually ranging from 70° to 90°.

There are two seasons, the wet and the dry. The wet season is from June to November when the south-east monsoon brings moisture. The rain falls daily, and at times in a perfect deluge. The northern islands during the wet season suffer from terrific typhoons, or whirlwinds. The dry season is from November to May or June, at which time the northeast monsoon blows.

The climate is healthful, though the constant warm weather is said to be very trying to foreigners, especially to women. We are warned against a kind of malaria contracted by living or sleeping in low, damp places, as it is usually accompanied by a dangerous fever. Small-pox is so common here that people seem to mind it less than we do the measles at home.



INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE

FEATURES OF THE VOYAGE

Just before coming out to breakfast this morning we wrote *Sunday* in our diary. Now, as we look up from our reading to see what the excitement among the passengers is about, we are told that the ship has dropped a day, and that it is *Monday* instead of Sunday! We inquire how that can be, and are told that we have just crossed the International Date Line.

The ship which has passed us going east has just added a day. The reason of this is that every time a person travels around the earth in either direction, there is a difference in time of one day. In order to avoid confusion of dates and a mixing up of records, especially aboard ships, it has been agreed to make these changes in the reckoning when crossing a certain north and south line.

The International Date Line, then, is the line at which dates must be made later by one day on vessels going westward, and earlier by one day on vessels going eastward.* The first moment of the twentieth century was along the International Date Line, and the Philippine people were among the first to live in the new century.

Looking down at the water, we note that it seems to be changing from the ocean green to a dark blue. We have entered a river in the ocean! It is the Dark Stream, an ocean current that corresponds to the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic Ocean. This is the northern branch of a great stream of water that, warmed by the sun, started near the equator and divided at the

*For full account of this, see Collins's "International Date Line," a pamphlet which may be obtained from A. Flanagan Company, Chicago, for 15 cents.

Philippine Islands. Not far from where we cross this wonderful river, one branch turns to the east, crosses the ocean, and gives to the Pacific Coast of the United States the fine climate and rich vegetation which we enjoyed in California.

We are pleased to see the Dark Stream for another reason. It tells us that we are nearing land, and we

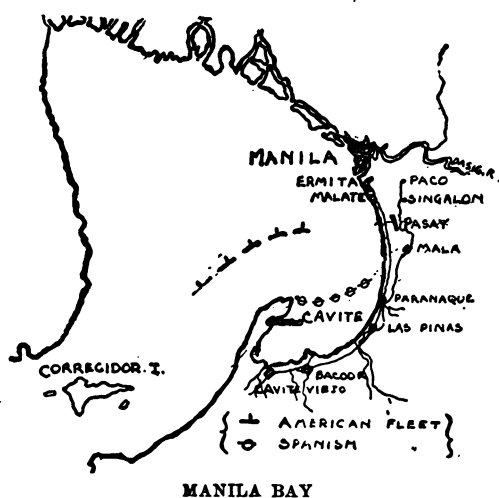
are happy at the idea of once more putting our feet on the solid ground.

We soon hear the cry of "Land, ho!" which instantly fills the ship with excitement and bustle.

The coast of Japan is sighted, appearing like a blue, hazy cloud on the horizon.

We are approaching Yokohama (*yō-kō-hā'mā*), the chief commercial seaport of Japan. Here our ship remains for a day, and then speeds onward. Our next stop is at Kobé (*kō'bā*), another Japanese city. From this port are sent out quantities of cheap porcelain, bronzes and lacquer-ware.

From Kobe to Nagasaki (*nā-ga-sā'ki*), we take the world-famed trip through the Inland Sea. This is said to be the most delightful sea-voyage to be taken in



the whole Orient. Words to describe it fail us. It is two hundred and forty miles of gorgeous panorama—truly a sail through fairyland!

After a day's rest at Nagasaki and a short stop at Shanghai (shāng-hā'í), China, a four-days' run brings us to Hongkong.

Here we change steamers. We are now going to follow Admiral Dewey out through the Ly-ee-Moon Pass, six hundred and forty miles across the choppy China Sea, and into the harbor of Manila. Historic associations make this trip one long to be remembered.

Admiral Dewey entered Boca Grande Pass, to the south of Corregidor Island and its forts, on April 30, 1898, with six war-ships, a despatch boat, and two supply ships. A few shots were fired, and the fleet proceeded on its course to Cavite (kā-vê-tá') Point and arsenal, seventeen miles down Manila Bay. Under the protection of the guns of the four land batteries at Cavite lay the spanish fleet of nine vessels.

Sunday morning, May 1st, in two terrific engagements, the Spanish ships were destroyed or captured, and the harbor passed into the possession of the Americans. The city was blockaded by the American fleet until the following August, when it was captured by the land forces under General Merritt.

Since then Manila and other ports of the Philippines have again been opened to trade with the outside world, and to visits from business men and tourists.

THE CITY OF MANILA

We are filled with bright anticipations as our steamer carries us over the twenty-seven miles be-

tween the mouth of the bay and our stopping-point, nearly a mile off shore.

Manila, the "Pearl of the Orient," lies before us, stretching far back on the lowlands. We can see only a few buildings fronting on the bay and some tall church steeples. A range of mountains, over which



THE PASIG RIVER AT MANILA

hangs a dim blue haze, lies at a distance in the background and gives a picturesque setting to the scene.

A little steamer takes us over the shallower waters and up the Pasig (pä-sēg') River to our landing-place. We pass through a multitude of small ships, large boats, canoes and cargo boats.

The confusion of tongues here and at the landing-place is indescribable. We hear Spanish, English, Chinese, "Pidgin-Spanish," "Pidgin-English," Tagalog,

and many more languages and half-languages! We wonder how the people ever understand one another enough to get along.

During the trying delays at the customhouse, we look about us. The scene is one of busy traffic, for the United States is opening up the Philippines, as it did Japan, to the commerce of the whole world.

Chinese coolies are carrying goods to or from the warehouses, and half-naked natives are lolling about or are helping with the loads of hemp, tobacco, rice, and sugar going out, and flour, machinery, clothing, and army stores coming in.

A short distance away, hitched to a two-wheeled cart, stands a patient *carabao* (kā-rā-bā'ō), or water buffalo; some shaggy goats are hunting about for stray bits of sugar or other dainties. Waiting for our choice are a *carruage* (kār-ru-ā'he), with four wheels and drawn by two little gray ponies; a *quelis* (kā'leece), a two-wheeled affair, with a body like a drygoods box resting on the axle, the door being in the back; and a *carromato* (kār-rō-mā'tō), a more heavily built two-wheeled conveyance, and, like the carruages, drawn by two ponies.

We take a carruage, and are trotted off to the hotel. Here our trials and amusing experiences begin. We resolve to take everything good-naturedly. It is well that we do.

We are given a large room, with a high ceiling, and without glass or anything else in the windows to keep out the dust. Accordingly, as the floors have no carpets, we leave our footprints in the dust. Our bed is a sort of cane-covered couch, with a cane-covered

mattress, a pillow, and a framework of four tall posts, with a light roof and mosquito-netting sides. Hunting up the chamber maid to obtain a light cover, we find that she is a Filipino "boy." Asking for the bathroom, we are shown a tank, and a cup with which to pour the water over ourselves. Satisfied for the present, we obtain a guide and a carriage, and start out to see the city.

THE OLD CITY AND THE NEW

Back in the hills southeast of Manila lies the large and beautiful Lake of Bay. The natives call it the Enchanted Lake, though this name is also given to a lovely little lake in the crater of an extinct volcano.

The little Pasig River, about twelve miles long, flows out of this lake and winds its way westward till it is lost in the waters of Manila Bay. On either side of this river the two Manilas are built. They are connected by a number of bridges.

We speak of the two Manilas, for we find the cities on the the two sides of the river very different in buildings, in surroundings, and in inhabitants.

Old Manila, on the south side of the river, is a walled city. As we drive around it, we find weedy moats, heavy drawbridges, strong gates and ponderous walls. All these tell us that the Spanish garrisons had troublesome times in keeping the people in subjection.

We pass through one of the city gates near the bay. The streets are narrow and in many places made dark by overhanging balconies. They are also ill kept, dirty and bad smelling. They are so damp and gloomy that we wonder the people do not all have the blues, with chills and fever to boot.

The houses are for the most part two-storied. The lower floors have thick walls of stone, capable of resisting earthquake shocks. The upper stories are of lighter build. The beams and the roof timbers project several feet, to allow leeway during the shocks, so that they may not be pulled off their supports.

The houses are built flush with the sidewalk, which is very narrow, and the balconies of the second story



BRIDGE OF SPAIN, ACROSS THE PASIG RIVER

are frequently built over the street. Slops and refuse are often thrown into the street from the upper story. The dwellings, like the Spanish houses which we have seen in Cuba and Porto Rico, are built around a courtyard, and the lower stories are used for kitchens, servants' rooms, and stables.

In the business houses the lower floors are offices and salesrooms, with living-rooms upstairs.

There are many churches in Old Manila. We visit the great cathedral, which cost over a million dollars, and which had its tall steeple shaken down by an earthquake nearly twenty years ago.

It is a magnificent structure, and reflects much credit upon the church which could erect such a work



MOLO CHURCH

of art in this far-away land. It is surrounded by an iron fence and has beautiful arched doorways, with statues standing above them. There are statues, also, beside the pillars supporting the roof. The dismantled tower speaks eloquently of the violence of the *shock and the terror* of the hour which brought it into

ruins. One bell still hangs in the tower, but its tongue is silent.

Among the other fine churches of the city is that of St. Sebastian. It is of galvanized iron, and is said to have been made in Germany, brought to Manila in pieces, and then erected. Its tower rises above any other in the city. Through the kindness of a black-gowned priest, we are permitted to ascend its spiral steps, and from the top we obtain a charming view of the bay, the city, several surrounding villages, and the country that gradually rises to the mountains in the background.

In Old Manila we find, also, numerous convents, colleges, and schools, the old customhouse, the famous Jesuit observatory, the military governor's headquarters—formerly a palace—and a number of shops and small stores.

The observatory interests us, for it is known to men of science all over the world. We call upon the kind padre (pä'h'drä) in charge, and are most courteously received.

The school building in which the observatory is situated, is about six hundred feet square, with a large courtyard in the center filled with fountains and many beautiful tropical plants. A solid rock tower twenty feet square extends up through the building. It is not connected with the surrounding structure. On this column all the earthquake instruments are placed. Oscillations or shakings of the earth are recorded in charts made for the purpose. An approaching earthquake sets bells ringing, for the machines take note of both motions and noises down under the ground.

In the observatory are, also, barometers, thermometers, rain-measurers, wind-measurers, and all sorts of instruments by which to tell of approaching storms and keep a full record of the weather changes. There is also a fine telescope for taking observations of the heavens.

When a storm of unusual violence is approaching, a signal flag is run up over the lookout tower. Then a crier is sent about the streets to warn everybody, for roofs and houses, as well as loose articles, are in danger of being blown away.

NEW MANILA, OR BINONDO

Now we are going to see the new city. This is the trading center, where all the foreign merchants have their places of business.

We find the streets nearly as wide as those at home. They are full of life and bustle. The Escolta (ès-còl'tā) the main street, has many fine stores with large stocks of goods. Most of these establishments are in the hands of Chinese merchants.

The Chinese occupy a very important position in these islands. They are often very wealthy, well educated, and the leaders in trade.

Chinese readers sometimes occupy stands at street corners, and for a small fee read to those who are unable to do so. Chinese barbers are often seen on the principal streets, carrying their tools and chairs with them, ready to stop in any shady place and give a customer a shave or hair-cut.

What surprises us is to find so many Americans in *business here*. There are American drug and station-

ery stores; American jewelry stores, displaying American watches and jewelry; American confectionery stores, whose candy, soda-water, ice-cream, and bread are eagerly bought; American hotels and restaurants, with the aristocratic titles of "The Astor House," "The Hoffman House," "The Washington Restaurant,"



PORTION ESCOLTA—MAIN STREET IN MANILA

"The Golden Eagle"; and an American Bazaar, a sort of store where clothing and almost everything else is kept.

The streets are full of black-eyed, brown-skinned men, women, and children. Mingling with them are richly-dressed Chinese merchants, as well as Chinese coolies, who do most of the menial work. The Filipino "boy" or servant will, as a rule, consent to perform

only the higher kind of domestic service. We meet, also, dark-skinned Spaniards, fairer-skinned but well-tanned Americans and other foreigners, black Sulus and Moros, and here and there a United States officer or soldier.

As we stand watching the strange people go by, two things serve to make us feel more at home. One of these is the sight of "John Chinaman," who goes by us in a white suit, his pigtail down his back, his head and feet bare, and the customary complacent smile on his face, notwithstanding the great load of white or many-colored garments that he is carrying home from the laundry.

The other incident is still pleasanter. We hear a hearty voice exclaim: "How d'ye-do, United States!" and, turning around, find a soldier in Uncle Sam's tropical uniform standing beside us. He apologizes for his manner of greeting, and says that he was "just so hungry to speak to some one lately from home," that he had to say something. We promise to give him some newspapers we have at the hotel, and then we fall to chatting with him about the scenes in Manila.

That olive-colored man in the white duck suit, with white duck shoes, the soldier says, is a Filipino gentleman who at one time took an active part in the insurrection against the Spaniards. Then our soldier friend points out a Filipino workingman—bareheaded and barefooted, dressed in pantaloons and shirt of some thin, gauzy material, through which the skin can be seen. The tail of his shirt flaps in the wind instead of being tucked into his pantaloons, so that he may get the *benefit of every possible breeze*.

"But what sort of an animal is this?" we ask, as a sled goes by pulled by something that looks as though it might be a small black ox or a very large hog. It has long, sharp horns, extending backward, and black bristling hair growing thinly over its body.

This, we are told, is the carabao, or buffalo ox, the most useful animal found in the Philippine Islands.

He pulls carts and sleds, is ridden like a horse by the natives, and he and a Chinaman will plow the rice fields in water three feet deep.

But he has some peculiar traits that his owner does not forget. For example, he is likely to go mad

and become very dangerous if not allowed to wallow in mud and water three or four times a day. So his driver is careful every now and then to drive him to a canal or mud hole, and let him enjoy himself in his own way.

Starting for the hotel, we meet several women whose jaws are working vigorously, whose lips are very red, and whose mouths seem to be bleeding. We notice, also, that they have very black teeth. All this is due



CARABAO AND SLED

to their chewing the betel nut, a product of the *areca* (à-rē'kà) palm. This habit, as well as that of smoking cigars, is very common among the native women in



MESTIZA GIRLS

the Philippines. The more aristocratic women smoke only in their homes, as a rule.

A shadow lies in the street ahead of us. Looking up, we perceive that it is made by the overhanging balcony of a large house. A window, made of transparent

shells, has been pushed aside, and two handsome young Mestiza girls are gazing at us with smiling curiosity.

These young ladies are of mixed blood, partly Filipino and partly Spanish. They have pleasant, rather refined faces. One has her luxuriant black hair hanging loose, but the hair of the other is done up in a sort of knot behind.

Each wears a number of sparkling jewels, and over their blouse waists, with flowing embroidered sleeves, are those beautiful and costly *piña* (pēn'yā) handkerchiefs, or neck scarfs, which are the delight of every lady in the islands. The two which these young ladies wear must have cost several hundred dollars apiece.

DRIVING ABOUT MANILA

We take a ride on a Manila street car. It is an odd conveyance, pulled by one of the little Manila ponies, and requiring two employees to run it. One of these holds the reins and the other divides his time between collecting the fares and whipping the pony.

The conductor carries a small valise suspended from his neck. He whistles when he wishes the driver to stop or start. A notice tells us that the car has seats for twelve persons and room for eight more on each platform.

To balance the car, and keep it from running off the track, the same number of persons must stand on each platform. So, if five people are on the front end and three on the rear, the conductor stops the car till one of the five moves back to the rear.

They have two very good rules here which we should like to see observed at home. No one is permitted to

stand inside, and when the car is full no one may get on. There are no special seats for smokers; everybody seems to smoke anywhere in Manila.

We abandon the street car and call a *carruage* to which are hitched two small but swift and plucky ponies.

Passing along the street on which most of the Chinese shops are located, we drive by a little marketplace



NATIVE CARRIAGE

chiefly patronized by women. Their dresses are mostly of bright colors—pink, red, green, black and brown, yellow and white, and yet they do not seem gaudy. Plaids are evidently very popular.

Here are two women chatting. On the head of one is an enormous

bundle. But she seems to mind it as little as her friend does the chubby baby astride her hips.

Another woman whom we see on her way home, carrying a basket filled with purchases, is wearing a straw hat which is as large as an umbrella, but very light. It protects her from both the heat and the brightness of the sun's rays.

Her skirt is of some bright-colored material thrown

around the waist and fastened by an ingenious twist. Over this is a short black overskirt that reaches to the knees. Her waist is white, cut low. It has immense sleeves reaching to the elbows; and around the neck is a lace handkerchief or scarf, folded cornerwise and with the ends crossed on the breast. The woman's neck and bosom are bare.

She wears no stockings, but her feet—at least the toes—are encased in sandals. These are held on by strings over the instep. The heels are free, and flap! flap! they go on the sidewalk as she passes along.

Everywhere we note that the people and their clothing are neat and clean. The people seem, also, to be good-natured and happy, for their faces express good will, and they chat freely with one another.

Around the corner we find the street full of girls and women, so that our carriage must go slowly. They are employees of an immense tobacco factory, which, we are told, has several thousands on its pay-roll.

At this moment a pedler passes with two enormous snakes for sale. The serpents are coiled around bamboo poles, with their heads tied fast. One is nine feet long and the other fully fifteen. To our utter horror, a factory girl stops and actually pets one of the creatures.

Our guide smiles at our exclamation of disgust and tells us that these are harmless house-serpents. They live between the walls and in the ceilings of houses, rarely come out, and drive away all rats and mice. The pedlers receive from one to two dollars each for these snakes.

Our embarrassment is relieved by a native fruit pedler, who trots up beside the carriage and offers us

his wares. These he carries in two large cane baskets hung on either end of a bamboo pole resting upon his shoulders. There are mangoes, papaws, oranges, pine-apples, shaddocks, figs, grapes, tamarinds, and lemons, with which we have become acquainted on our



WALL AROUND OLD MANILA

other trips; but in his baskets and in the shops and marketplaces we also find many fruits that are strange to us.

The afternoon is passing away, and we have barely time to visit the Paco (pä'h'kō) Cemetery before hurrying off to the gayer scenes of the Luneta.

Manila's cemetery is an interesting spot. A huge wall of masonry, seven or eight feet thick and ten feet high, encircles the resting-place of the dead. There is

but one entrance, a strong gate of wood and iron. The interior is a honeycomb of crypts. Here the coffins are placed. Each crypt as it is filled is sealed, and a small tablet bearing the name of the dead is fastened in front.

Sometimes the crypt is so made as to leave a small box-like space in front of the coffin. The rear of this space is closed with a tablet and the front with a pane of glass. Between the two may be seen images, urns or ornaments.

The crypts are usually rented. They cost from \$25 up, a year. If the rent is not paid, the corpse is taken out and buried in the potter's field.

THE LUCIA AND THE LUNETA

Our guide tells us that to see everybody in Manila, and especially its wealthier classes, we must visit its beautiful and historic driveway and park.

Beginning at the Pasig River in Old Manila, and running for a mile or more along the bay and outside of the wall, is the famous driveway known as the Santa Lucia (săn'tă lōo-see'ă). It is bordered by waving palm trees, between which are electric-light poles. In the evening the lights, reflected back by the fashionable equipages, the brilliant jewels worn by the ladies, and the fine array of both ladies and gentlemen, make a scene of dazzling splendor.

The Lucia is continued by the Luneta (lōo-nă'tă), an elliptical plaza about one thousand feet long. The Luneta is situated just above the low beach which skirts the bay, and separates the walls of Manila from the suburb of Ermita (ër-mě'tă).

A broad roadway borders the plaza, bounded on one side by the sea wall and on the other by the bamboo trees and the green fields of the parade grounds. In the center is the bandstand. Late in the afternoon the band plays, while the people gather to enjoy the music and the sea breeze, to see the carriages and other conveyances with their occupants, and to gossip with friends and acquaintances.

SCHOOLS

When the United States Government assumed control of the Philippines there were no schools devoted to common-school education, except in Manila. To-day there is no town or city of size in the territory without a school and many scholars.

We find the children everywhere eager to go to school, and nearly every one of them insists on being taught to speak English "like the Americans do."

Let us enter one of the school buildings. It is only one story high, is about thirty by forty feet in size, and is built on posts eight feet high. As in other houses, there is no glass in the windows. Think of having oyster-shells for window panes! But that is just what we find, and they are much better than glass, for they let in the light, being not much thicker than one's finger-nail, and they keep out the hot sun, and the bright glare which is so trying to the eyes here.

There are both cocoanut and banana trees in the schoolhouse yard. Though the schoolhouse is only one story in height, we have to climb upstairs to get into it. Many of the houses are built up in the air

this way because the atmosphere near the ground is damp and unhealthful.

The soldiers have been teaching the boys to play baseball. Some of the pupils are kicking a hollow football made of bamboo strips. It is very light,



ON SUNDAY MORNING

and is kicked with the naked foot, and kept in the air. If a boy misses his kick and lets the ball fall to the ground, he is "out."

We find the girls playing "tag," and another game very much like "prisoner's base." But the girls and boys are not at the same school, for they do not go to school together, as in the United States.

The pupils in these schools have keen faces and bright eyes, and the teachers tell us they learn very rapidly.

We visit the Jesuit college, which has boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age in attendance. We find fifteen or twenty of the boys practicing on pianos. Other pupils are studying drawing, and some are doing beautiful wood-carving. Some of their really fine work is being used to ornament the college building.

Among other schools and colleges are St. Thomas, founded in 1597, and San Juan de Letran, founded about 1650. These belong to the Dominican friars. There is also the college of St. Joseph, founded in 1601.

Among the girls' schools, taught by nuns, are La Concordia, Santa Isabel, and Santa Rosa. The girls are taught the accomplishments rather than the higher branches of learning.

Many of the schoolbooks used in the Philippine schools are in Spanish, but these are rapidly being exchanged for English books.

DWELLINGS

The residences in the suburbs are larger and more attractive than those in the heart of the city. Especially is this true of New Manila, for most of the merchants reside here.

As we pass along one of the streets we notice a gentleman sitting in what appears to be a balcony, veranda and sitting-room combined. He bows to us politely. Our soldier friend asks him in Spanish if he will not kindly show the American visitors a Philippine dwelling.

His gracious manner is such as to give us the feeling *that we are conferring a favor upon him in allowing*

him to do this. In fact, our soldier tells us that the owner says the house and everything in it is at our disposal!

The house is built close up to the sidewalk. The door is opened, and we enter, not the house, but a flower garden, about fifteen feet wide and twenty-five feet long. Seats along the walk are shaded by large banana trees.

Through a narrow passage we enter the dining-room, which is about fifteen feet square. The ceiling and walls are of wood, and the floor is of red bricks. A table runs along one side of the room, and in front of this is a long bench on which the members of the family sit during meals.

The kitchen is a little shed in the rear. The cooking-stove is of brick and mortar, with openings on top in which the fire is made—frequently of charcoal. The cooking seems to be done either in clay bowls or on iron griddles, for these are all we see in the way of kitchen utensils.

The upper floor of the house contains the balcony, which extends out over the front and forms a veranda, sitting-room, and, in very hot weather, sometimes also the sleeping-room. The bedrooms for the family are on either side, those for the servants in the rear.

The walls are not of lath and plaster, but of painted canvas. The windowpanes are of thin oyster shells, cut into small squares and arranged in panels that overlap, so that they can be readily moved aside to let in a current of air.

The bedrooms are small. The beds are of bamboo—
pieces forming the framework, and lighter strips

nailed across to form a support for the sleeper. Upon the slats is a cover of woven cane, and on this a thin, hard mat of cane or straw. A round pillow completes the bedding, for no sheets or other covering are needed.

Before leaving, we are introduced to the lady of the house, who evidently has put on her "best bib and tucker" for the occasion. She is young and rather pretty, for she has a round, plump face, regular features, sparkling black eyes, and luxuriant dark hair.

Her hair, with the exception of a few bangs in front, is drawn smoothly back into a large knot. It is surmounted by a tortoise-shell comb, elaborately mounted in gold. On the side are two smaller combs, from which flash brilliant jewels.

Her hands are not large; the fingers are well-proportioned, and covered with rings that, with her necklace and other jewels, must have cost a small fortune.

Her waist is a blouse that leaves the neck and shoulders bare. It has large, flowing sleeves, edged with lace and beautifully embroidered. A white mantilla or neck scarf of embroidered piña lace is folded cornerwise and thrown over the shoulders, the ends being crossed on the breast in front. These neck-handkerchiefs cost from \$100 to \$300.

Her embroidered satin skirt has a train. Upon this are raised figures of flowers and birds which are wonderfully accurate representations both in form and in gorgeous coloring.

She wears white stockings and black slippers, and has a handsome fan hanging by a silver chain from her waist.

As we bow and pass out, our friend informs us that

she, also, is a Mestiza, or lady of mixed blood, her father being an Englishman and her mother a Filipino.

MARKETPLACES IN THE PHILIPPINES

We find that there are many marketplaces in Manila, and in other cities and towns of the Philippines. As these are places where we can see and learn much, not only of the productions of the country but also of the people, we spend a good deal of time in those of Manila.

The largest marketplace in the city is a little town in itself, for it covers about ten acres of ground. The different sheds or booths, made of poles and covered with straw matting or thin sheets of iron, are arranged in streets and alleys, the main street running through the center of the market.

Most of the market men we find to be women! They sit or squat upon low mats or platforms made of platted bamboo, with their wares near at hand. They are bareheaded and barefooted. They yell and shout at one another and at us until we buy or pass on. Then they laugh and chat together in perfect good nature.

We look around us to see what there is for sale and who is buying. There seem to be nearly as many different kinds of people and noises as there are articles for sale. Here are men, women and girls with no hats, and others with all sorts of headgear. Some wear hats as large as umbrellas.

We notice four persons who seem to be members of the same family. The man is barefooted, his wife has on white stockings and slippers, the daughter wears no stockings, but has wooden sandals on her feet, and the boy is a study.



A TYPICAL MARKET

He is barefooted and bareheaded; his bristly black hair is cut short, his skin is brown; his keen black eyes are full of intelligence or mischief, we are not sure which—possibly both. He is clean and neat looking, has white trousers, and wears the tail of his shirt outside. He certainly is observing us as closely as we are observing him.

We now turn to the shops or booths. Here is a Chino, as he is called, selling vegetables. He offers us cabbages, potatoes, onions, lettuce, egg plants, peppers, squashes, tomatoes, and ginger—some by the dozen and some by the pound.

One man offers us chickens, turkeys, and ducks; and another fish; a woman is sure that her eggs will please us; and it is hard to refuse the entreaties of a number of young girls with bananas and other fruits, cocoanuts, betel nuts, and flowers.

Here is beef for sale at eighty cents a pound, and pork in abundance. Notwithstanding the fondness of the natives for pork, our guide advises us not to eat this meat in the Philippines. He tells us the hogs are such scavengers that he would as soon think of eating a buzzard.

To our right is the aisle for shoes, and we look in. Here is a sandal. It consists of a thin wooden sole, with straps to hold it to the toes. At the heel it flaps up and down as one walks. A number of persons wearing these sandals and passing along the sidewalk together make a decided racket. But this kind of shoe is more worn than any other.

Another shoe has heels about two inches long on each end. This, we are told, is a bad-weather shoe.

There are also shoes of white duck, and a variety of black slippers, mostly for ladies.

We pass women selling bright calicoes and other light goods; women offering mantles, shawls, and plain or embroidered goods for blouses; women trying to persuade customers to purchase handsome silks and satins, plain and embroidered; women with great baskets of articles which they are peddling about; women cooking over little charcoal fires in earthen stoves that are shaped like old shoes; women making cigars and offering them for sale even to small children; and women making the delicate piña handkerchiefs of pineapple fiber, as soft as silk; or embroidering birds and flowers in lifelike colors on satins and silks.

AMUSEMENTS

Cock-fighting is the form of amusement most popular with the natives of the Philippines. The game-cock is the most cherished possession of every Filipino family, and the first to be rescued in case of a fire. A native will wager everything he owns on the result of one of these cock-fights.

Next to his game-cock, the Filipino prizes his piano—for every well-to-do native possesses one of these instruments. Many of the Filipinos are fine musicians and take their greatest pleasure in music. All of the people love singing and dancing.

There are pony races to be enjoyed, too, and they are always well attended. Then there are bicycle races, the theaters, religious carnivals without number, and trips on the river and lake and along the coast, *with which the visitor to Manila may be entertained.*

To the Filipino Christmas is a great religious celebration, and most of the popular Christmas customs are of a religious character. The chief feature of the holiday season is the performance of little plays or dramas founded on the life of Christ.

On Christmas Eve every church is open and Christmas Day is ushered in with a midnight mass. During the whole of Christmas Day mass is celebrated every hour, so that all may attend. When mass is over, the men all hurry away to the cockpit, there to lay wagers on their favorite birds.

The occasional religious processions are always interesting to the tourist. Through the streets moves a strange-looking crowd of people, white, red, yellow and brown; the Chinese dressed in their blue suits—the poor coolies in the cheapest cotton and the rich merchants in handsome robes of silk.

Christmas brings the finest weather of the year. The orange groves are then most beautiful, and many of the trees and shrubs seem to try to celebrate by *putting forth* their fairest blossoms or sweetest fruit.



POSED FOR THEIR PICTURE



OX-CART AND NATIVES

TRIPS ABOUT LUZON ISLAND

Securing sunhats, provisions, and extra wraps for cool nights, we go aboard a small steam launch for a trip up the Pasig River and to the little Enchanted Lake. We leave the city behind, meeting boats loaded with hay, mahogany and other hardwood timber, rice, and fruit; also numerous smaller craft in which Chinese gardeners are bringing their produce to market.

On one side of the stream is a great sugar-drying factory, where the coarse brown sugar is laid out in broad pans to dry before being shipped abroad to a refinery.

Near by is a large tobacco factory, which employs over 10,000 hands—chiefly girls, boys, and women. Besides the immense consumption at home, the islands send abroad nearly 1,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco and about 175,000,000 cigars.

Here is an immense cordage factory. It manufactures flat bands to be used as straps for sandals or in weaving mats; also ropes which are largely used for harness and for that convenience of civilization which does not seem to appear elsewhere in the Orient—the clothes line.

On we go, our eyes taking in the curious scenes with ever-increasing interest. We pass a native village and notice the houses thatched with nipa (nē'pā) grass, seemingly on stilts, and with ladders in front by which the occupants climb up to the front door.

Hanging over the water is a species of grass or cane that grows to the size of a tree. Piles of it are on the river banks, for out of it the native obtains beams,

joists, rafters, flooring and siding for his house; posts, sides, and slats for his bed, as well as rattan for mats, mattresses, and chairs; cups, dippers, milk cans and tableware; portions of his carts, vehicles and boats.



NATIVE HUTS

In short, the bamboo is evidently the most useful growth here.

We pass a chapel erected by a wealthy Chinaman as a thank-offering for his narrow escape from a crocodile; the river grows narrower, the mountains seem nearer, and soon we are afloat

upon the Lake of Bay, a fine body of water about twenty-five miles long and from fifteen to twenty miles wide.

We cross to a little settlement called Los Baños (lōs bān'yōs), a fashionable bathing resort, with springs of hot water. Our boat is anchored, and we start off with a guide for the Enchanted Lake. We pass ponds filled with fragrant pink pond lilies, and shortly begin to climb the crater of an extinct volcano.

In the distance are slopes rich with growing crops of *hemp* and with cocoa palms. In the thick foliage near

by birds of brilliant plumage flit about, and we hear the chattering of a few monkeys.

Soon we are at the crater's edge, and below us lies the beautiful Enchanted Lake. The scene does indeed seem one of enchantment, for in the still bosom of the lake is mirrored the lovely tropical foliage that is growing upon its borders, as well as the blue sky and floating clouds above.

We pass the night amid surroundings that will long make us remember the Philippines. A gentleman considered well-to-do kindly offers us a shelter. The house consists of but one room, and this the family generously give up to us, while they sleep somewhere in the rear. We are selfish enough to be pleased at this, for there are ten or twelve in the family!

The legs of our bed, of the table, and of the chairs are set in cups partly filled with kerosene. This is a protection against the white ants, which are very destructive in the Philippines. While we are eating the supper provided for us, a lizard chases across the ceiling after a fly. As we sit on the veranda, enjoying the cool of the evening, a great hairy caterpillar drops upon the hand of one of our party and causes it to swell up and become painful.

But our most thrilling experiences are yet to come. A cockroach four inches long appears on the floor, and when we attempt to step on him, he flies out of the window. A rattling noise in the walls and ceiling, we learn the next morning, is caused by the python, or house-snake, chasing rats and mice. We only wish he had caught the rats that frightened our party by *trying to run off with their shoes!*

Well, we came to the Philippines to gain experience; so, like good travelers, we take things cheerfully, laugh at our fears, and journey back to the city.

A VISIT TO MACABEBE TOWN

The surface of the island of Luzon, upon which Manila is situated, is composed of hills and mountains divided by large and fertile valleys. Through these rapid little rivers wend their way to the sea.

To the west, emptying into the China Sea, is the Abra River. Near the mouth of the Abra is the city of Vigan (vê-găn'). It has a population of twenty thousand, and is, we find, the richest and best-built city in northern Luzon.

The residents are progressive. The town stands next to Manila in the importance of its exports of tobacco, hemp, sugar, and indigo; it has a college for men and a seminary for girls; and it is a place of peculiar interest as being the first point in the Philippine Islands where the people were allowed to cast a secret ballot and vote for whatever officers they chose. Under Spanish rule they voted for those for whom they were told by the officials to vote.

The Rio Grande de Cagayan (kă-gī-ăn') rises in the east-central part of the island and flows into the ocean at the northern extremity. It is navigable for a considerable distance for boats of from six to ten feet draft; and as we pass up stream we see a valley of great fertility in which are large fields of the finest tobacco in the archipelago.

The little Mariquina (mä-rê-kê'nä) River, which rises in the mountains back of the city, furnishes the

water that is pumped into a large reservoir and distributed through pipes over the city of Manila, six miles away.

Across the northern arm of Manila Bay, embracing the twenty mouths of the Rio Grande de Pampanga (pām-pān'gä) River, and the region north of them, lies Macabebe (mä-kä-bä'hä) Land. It is the home of one of the tribes of Luzon. Between the Macabebes and the Filipinos there is a deadly hatred, but the valiant little people, though numbering less than one hundred thousand, have held their own for over a hundred years against the Filipinos, who number about two million, and form the largest tribe in the archipelago. As scouts and companies of Macabebes are among the most valued portions of the American Army in the Philippines, we wish to see their town and their customs.

Their favorite weapon—as, indeed, that of the Filipinos and the fierce Moros of Mindanao and the southern islands—is the *bolo* (bō'lō). In many cases this is not only an instrument of war, but a mark of social rank.



A SUGAR MILL

The bolo is of various curious shapes, and is so made, when it is to be used as a weapon by the Macabebe soldier and others, that the weight is thrown toward the striking end. It thus becomes terribly effective when handled skillfully.

It is a knife, or short sword. In the rudest form it is hammered out of a piece of iron or steel, with a

handle of wood or horn, and a scabbard cut roughly out of two pieces of wood and tied together with bamboo strips.

In the more expensive forms the weapon is of fine steel, often inlaid with gold and set with pearls or other jewels, and having a handle of



NATIVES CUTTING SUGAR-CANE

wonderfully carved wood or ivory. In a household may sometimes be found several of these bolos, which increase in value and importance from the simple weapon of the laboring class or of a private soldier, to the highly ornamented one carried by an officer in the army, by a city official, or by any person of high rank.

The bolo is also used in the northern islands as an implement of agriculture, somewhat as the Cuban uses *the machete*.

To reach Macabebe Town we take the train to Calumpit (kā-lōm-pēt') and ride six miles down the Pampanga River in a boat. All about are thousands of acres of rich land, on which are growing groves of bamboos and betel palms, and vast fields of rice and sugar-cane.

As we enter the little town of four thousand people we miss the great cathedral, which formerly covered over two acres of ground. It was burned down by Aguinaldo as an act of revenge. The houses are of bamboo, built on poles and having the roofs and sides thatched with nipa. This is the dwelling of the middle and lower classes all over the Philippines, and, though it can be erected for a few dollars, it is rarely without a piano. Fastened to the ladder-steps or to the house-posts are the ever-present game-cocks.

The stores of Macabebe Town are around a large plaza in the center, and are all run by girls and women, many of whom are very pretty. They are sharp, shrewd traders, and know well how to economize.

The women of the lower classes work in the farm-gardens and in the fields as the men do. They do a large part of the peddling of their produce in the villages and towns.

In the town we find a school consisting of two rooms, one for boys and one for girls. There are about sixty brown-faced, black-haired, and bright-eyed pupils, all of whom are neat and clean.

TRIBES OF LUZON

The island of Luzon is inhabited by various tribes, and people of different nationalities. The Chinese form the largest proportion of foreigners. The natives, with

their numerous tribes and dialects, seem to be Malays of pure blood, or more or less crossed with the blood of Chinese, Spaniards, and others.

In northeast Luzon are the Igorrotes, (ē-gôr-rō'tās), a tribe little above savages. They frequently go naked, with the exception of a breech-cloth, tattoo their arms and bodies, and live in the most primitive way.

Many persons think that all the people of the Philippine Islands are Filipinos. This, we find, is a great



TYPES OF IGORROTES

mistake. The Filipinos belong to the tribe known as Tagalos, or Tagalogs, and form about one-fifth of the *entire population* of the archipelago. They are most

numerous in Luzon Island, are more highly civilized than any others, and show a strong love for their native land and for independence.

These people are skillful musicians, and pianos and other valuable musical instruments are often found in huts not costing over \$10 or \$15. Every district has



NATIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

its band, and the lover serenades his lady-love with really fine music upon the guitar or mandolin. The Filipinos have also a number of peculiar home-made instruments. The music scraped out on these is much better than one would think possible.

They are good artists and draughtsmen, and the work of the women in embroidering and in weaving the piña mantles or scarfs shows remarkable skill. In embroidering on satin or silk they produce colors and forms of birds and flowers which are remarkably true to life.

The piña handkerchief is made from the fiber of the pineapple leaf, which is rotted in the water and the sun in order to separate the thread from the other matter. In the best makes, the fibers, or hairs, are very fine, and the light-gray or yellow cloth has a softness and a brilliancy equal to silk, with better wearing qualities. The weaving of these handkerchiefs is a slow process, and this makes them very costly.

In some portions of the Tagalog country, but in greater numbers in the forests of the islands of Mindanao and Negros, are found a tribe of people called the Negritos (nĕ-grĭ'tōz), or little negroes. They are commonly supposed to be the aborigines of the Philippine Islands.

The Negritos prefer to live in the woods and in the mountains, though we find some in one of the towns we visit. They are black dwarfs, none of them over four feet, nine inches high, with enormous stomachs (due to eating so many roots, vegetables, and fruits), and with little spindling legs.

Their hair is woolly, and grows in patches, their noses are flat, and their lips thick. Men, women, and children go naked, or wear only small breech-cloths. Their minds are evidently as weak as their bodies.

They live in little villages consisting of huts or nests built among the trees or on high poles. Their weapons are, usually, a bow and arrows. They are not so savage as represented by some writers. When the United States troops entered one of their villages, they ran and hid behind the trees or in their huts, peeping out at the soldiers, but not shooting their poisoned arrows at *them*.

VOLCANOES AND HOT SPRINGS

The southeast portion of the island of Luzon is very rough and mountainous. Here are found two active volcanoes—the volcano of Taal (tāl) and that of Mayon (mä-yōn').

Taking a little coast steamer, we pass out through the mouth of the bay and about ninety miles down the coast, to the village of Taal. Here a *banca* (bänk'ä) rowed by six men and steered by one, takes us up a shallow little river and into the Lake of Taal.

This lake is about fifteen miles across. It nestles amid hills and mountains, and has near its center a smoking volcano nine hundred feet high. We leave our boat at the foot of the volcano, and climb the lava slopes, sneezing, and choked by the sulphurous gases. Pausing near the top, we see below us in the crater a cone of red-hot matter, smoking and steaming. A little farther away is a fiery, boiling, bubbling mass, which makes us think of that wonderful scene which we viewed on our trip to Hawaii.

As we are rowed back to the shore, we put our hands in the water of the lake and find it cool and pleasant.

Mayon, the most famous volcano of the Philippines, also is on the island of Luzon, at the extreme southern end. We are not able to visit it, but we learn that it is 8,925 feet high, and almost a perfect cone.

Its fires never go out, and occasionally it breaks forth into very dangerous eruptions. One of the eruptions, in 1897, destroyed lives and property over an area of more than a hundred square miles.

The loftiest mountain in the Philippines is Mt. Apo, of the center of Mindanao Island. It is 10,312

The piña handkerchief is made from the fiber of the pineapple leaf, which is rotted in the water and the sun in order to separate the thread from the other matter. In the best makes, the fibers, or hairs, are very fine, and the light-gray or yellow cloth has a softness and a brilliancy equal to silk, with better wearing qualities. The weaving of these handkerchiefs is a slow process, and this makes them very costly.

In some portions of the Tagalog country, but in greater numbers in the forests of the islands of Mindanao and Negros, are found a tribe of people called the Negritos (nê-grî'tôz), or little negroes. They are commonly supposed to be the aborigines of the Philippine Islands.

The Negritos prefer to live in the woods and in the mountains, though we find some in one of the towns we visit. They are black dwarfs, none of them over four feet, nine inches high, with enormous stomachs (due to eating so many roots, vegetables, and fruits), and with little spindling legs.

Their hair is woolly, and grows in patches, their noses are flat, and their lips thick. Men, women, and children go naked, or wear only small breech-cloths. Their minds are evidently as weak as their bodies.

They live in little villages consisting of huts or nests built among the trees or on high poles. Their weapons are, usually, a bow and arrows. They are not so savage as represented by some writers. When the United States troops entered one of their villages, they ran and hid behind the trees or in their huts, peeping out at the soldiers, but not shooting their poisoned arrows at *them*.

VOLCANOES AND HOT SPRINGS

The southeast portion of the island of Luzon is very rough and mountainous. Here are found two active volcanoes—the volcano of Taal (tāl) and that of Mayon (mä-yōn').

Taking a little coast steamer, we pass out through the mouth of the bay and about ninety miles down the coast, to the village of Taal. Here a *banca* (bänk'ä) rowed by six men and steered by one, takes us up a shallow little river and into the Lake of Taal.

This lake is about fifteen miles across. It nestles amid hills and mountains, and has near its center a smoking volcano nine hundred feet high. We leave our boat at the foot of the volcano, and climb the lava slopes, sneezing, and choked by the sulphurous gases. Pausing near the top, we see below us in the crater a cone of red-hot matter, smoking and steaming. A little farther away is a fiery, boiling, bubbling mass, which makes us think of that wonderful scene which we viewed on our trip to Hawaii.

As we are rowed back to the shore, we put our hands in the water of the lake and find it cool and pleasant.

Mayon, the most famous volcano of the Philippines, also is on the island of Luzon, at the extreme southern end. We are not able to visit it, but we learn that it is 8,925 feet high, and almost a perfect cone.

Its fires never go out, and occasionally it breaks forth into very dangerous eruptions. One of the eruptions, in 1897, destroyed lives and property over an area of more than a hundred square miles.

The loftiest mountain in the Philippines is Mt. Apo, south of the center of Mindanao Island. It is 10,312

feet high, and an active volcano. Besides those mentioned, there are several other active volcanoes in the islands.

A VOYAGE IN THE ARCHIPELAGO

We are now to leave Manila and Luzon Island, and we pack up with much reluctance. There are so many interesting things about which we desire to know more. The club-houses, the theaters, the stores and shops, the curious boats and boatmen, the Chinese vegetable gardens, the military headquarters, and the soldiers' camps, the tobacco, hemp, and sugar factories—all these we hope to see during a future visit.

But the Filipino "boy" who has waited upon us so nicely at the hotel, tells us that the *carromato* is at the door, and that, if we intend to take our final drive about the city before going to the landing, we must hurry.

Our driver has heard the word "hurry," and before we are fairly seated he whips his two little ponies into a gait that makes chickens, dogs, and people scurry out of the way, and causes us to rejoice that the two wheels of our gig are stoutly made.

When we get to the landing, where we are to take an inter-island steamer for our southern trip, our hotel "boy" awaits us with a smile and a small envelope. This we open after going aboard, and find it is the Lord's Prayer in the Tagalog, or Filipino, dialect. Here it is:—

Ama namin sung mo sa langit cosambahin ang nagla mo. Napa sa amin ang cahavian mo. Sundin ang loob mo aqui sa lupa para nang sa langit. Iigyan mo, ama ngaion nang amin *canin sa arañas*. Patavarin o mo cami sa dilan masama.

It will be seen that they are quite fond of *m*'s, *n*'s, and *g*'s, which give the language a harsh, nasal sound.

The ride through San Bernardino (sän bër-när-dé'nō) Channel, and among the group of Visayan (vē-si'yän) Islands is one of the most beautiful in the world, and the scenes rival, in variety and picturesqueness, the striking loveliness of those we saw in the Inland Sea of Japan.

THE VISAYAN ARCHIPELAGO

We pass Mindoro Island on our right. We are not tempted to land here, because of the unhealthfulness of the island and also because of the native bandits, who rob and murder. Upon this island, the captain of our boat tells us, there is a tribe of savages called Mangyans (män-gē-äns'), whose houses are platforms of poles covered with leaves and grass. They wear no clothes, live mostly in the depths of the forest, and are said to be cannibals.

We do not enjoy the meals on our boat. Early breakfast comes at six, late breakfast at ten, and dinner at five. At dinner we begin with soup. This is followed by *puchero* (pōo-tchā'rō), a mixture of beans, sausages, cabbage, and pork. Next comes fish, and then a roast, with macaroni and cheese. We finish with some sort of pudding, and fruits.

It is now the afternoon of the second day, and our boat is passing along the strait between the islands of Panay (pä-ni') and Guimaras (gē-mä-räs'). Soon we enter a sort of estuary called the Iloilo (ē'lō-ē'lō) River, and then there appears before us the capital of

Panay Island and the second city in commercial importance in the Philippines.

This is Iloilo It lies upon a flat plain, scarcely a foot above tide water. This plain extends back about



TRAMWAY FOR HAULING GOODS FROM WHARF

twelve miles until it reaches the foothills. The city, we find, has about fifteen thousand people, and is the trade center of the Visayans.

The Visayans form one of the two largest tribes in the archipelago. They number 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 people, and form about one-fifth of the total population. They are more or less civilized, and profess the Christian religion.

In Iloilo we are chiefly interested by the immense *go-downs* or storage houses along the river, filled with

sugar, copra, and hemp; the fine cathedral, and the Calle Real (kāl'yā rā-āl') or chief business street. We are told that we may drive a little way into the country, but that it is not safe to go far because of native bandits.

All about the city and along the road are cocoanut groves, the trees looking like tall poles with bushes on top. Among these groves are the rice fields. In one of the fields we see a native plowing. His buffalo ox is hitched to a crooked stick of wood with one handle, and having a piece of iron fastened on the bottom.

The houses we find much like those in Luzon. They are built on posts, are constructed of bamboo thatched with nipa, and seldom have doors or windows. The floors are of split bamboo, with the curved sides up. To reach the living-room one must climb the bamboo ladder which serves as steps. There are no knives or forks. Everybody eats rice out of a big bowl with the fingers.

As we drive toward a stream, we meet a woman who appears to have on her shoulder a piece of pipe about three inches in diameter and five feet long. Our guide tells us this is a native water-bucket, made of a section of bamboo cane.

In the water, up to their waists, we see women washing clothing. Others on the bank are beating clothes on some flat stones, or spreading them on the grass to bleach and dry.

On the way back to the city we see women working in the fields, meet a native on a trotting carabao, and pass a foundry where axes are cast after a rude fashion.

The island of Panay is triangular in shape, each side

being from seventy-five to one hundred miles long. Its surface is composed of valleys, rolling hills, and mountains. The highest peaks are 5,675 and 6,720 feet high.

There are numerous streams. During the rainy season these flood the valleys, making the land very fertile. Rice is generally grown in the valleys; coconuts and hemp on the uplands. We find bananas and breadfruit growing wild, and also the naranga, a fruit about twice as large as a grape fruit, and having the shape and color of the orange. The people do not seem to cultivate any fruits.

About five miles from Iloilo is Jaro, (här'rō) an exclusively native town of eight thousand people. In the other direction is Molo, a town of half-castes—people whose fathers are Chinese, and mothers, native women. Capiz (kā-pēz'), on the northern coast, has a population of twenty-five thousand.

The most fertile island of the Visayan group is Negros (nā'grōce), lying to the southeast of Panay and between that and Cebu Island. It produces immense crops of sugar and a very fine quality of tobacco.

The people of this island were the first to declare themselves loyal to the United States and desirous of profiting by good government. They organized a government of the people at Bacolod (bā-kō-lōd') on November 6, 1899. At the election the preceding month over five thousand votes were cast.

The island of Cebu, to the east of Negros, has upon it the city of Cebu, the third in commercial importance *in the Philippines*. We find the inhabitants of Cebu

peace-loving, hospitable, and upright, like the people of Negros Island. The chief output of Cebu is hemp.

Of the other Visayan Islands, Samar (sā-mār') produces large quantities of fine hemp, its capital, Catbalogan (kāt-bā-lō-gān'), being a town given up to curing, baling, and selling hemp; Bohol (bō-höl') is known for its valuable pearl fisheries; and Siquijor, the most southern, for its excellent food products. The entire group of islands is noted for a healthful climate.

PALAWAN, MINDANAO, AND THE SULU ARCHIPELAGO

Four hundred miles south of Manila lies the Sulu Sea, a great inland body of water. On its western boundary is a long, narrow group of islands of which Palawan (pā-lā-wān') is the largest. Here Spain established a penal colony, whose members died rapidly, because of ill treatment or starvation.

Palawan Island furnishes a number of things to interest us. Over three-fourths of the population are women and girls, who transact all the business, as the men migrate to the other islands. A large tree that grows on this island sweats a sort of gum or resin, more than five hundred tons of which are gathered by the women and exported. It is used in varnish.

On the east of the Sulu Sea lie the southern islands of the Visayan Archipelago, and the island of Mindanao, the second in size of the Philippine group. To the southeast, extending from the western part of Mindanao to the island of Borneo, is the Sulu Archipelago, composed of one hundred and fifty or more islands, *only about ninety of which are inhabited.*

Mindanao is about the size of the State of Indiana, and has an area of 37,500 square miles. Its population is variously estimated at from 300,000 to 500,000, and divided into 150,000 Moros or Mohammedans, 125,000 Christians, and from 75,000 to 100,000 savages or pagans.



HIGH-CLASS MORO OF MINDANAO

The chief ruler is the sultan, but each of the twenty-five or more tribes has its chief, and many of these chiefs are more powerful than the sultan.

The Moros are polygamists. The present sultan has twelve or fifteen wives.

The Moros of the Sulu Islands, like those of Mindanao, are Mohammedans. It is their belief that the more Christians a man kills, the greater will be his

joys in heaven. Often one of them will whip out his keen knife, and kill every person he meets, until he himself is killed. In their frenzy, when once started, these fanatics make no distinction of persons.

The Moros have never been conquered. They differ in manners, customs, and religion, as well as in dress and appearance, from the Visayan and other tribes of the central islands, and also from the Filipinos and other tribes of Luzon and the northern islands.

The first conflict of the people of Mindanao and of

the Sulus with the Spanish and other nations arose from the fact that the Moros were fearless and merciless pirates. In their light boats they went from island to island, and up the rivers and bays, plundering remorselessly. Terror, ruin and death followed their visits—though women and children were usually carried off as slaves. This spirit is yet in the people.

They fought the Spaniards as simply other plunderers in the first place; but their hate for the foreigners was intensified by their religious belief. Strange as it may seem, these men were among the first to show a friendly spirit to the United States, and to express a desire for coöperation with its officers for good government. Their fiery, untamed spirit, however, makes a permanent improvement a most serious and uncertain problem.

We will visit one of the chief cities of Mindanao—Zamboanga (zām-bō-äng'ä), at the southern point of the western peninsula. The little inter-island steamer anchors some distance from shore. We are in Basilan (bā-see'län) Strait, and a large steamer has just passed us, for through this strait go the vessels carrying traffic between Japan and Australia.

The waters of the harbor are shallow but peaceful. for typhoons do not trouble the southern Philippines, As the little boats take us to the landing, the city makes a picturesque scene. The banana trees and the tall cocoanuts shade the houses and streets, the people in gay dress are at the landing, and here and there we note a dwelling, the great stone fort, public buildings, stores, and shops, and church spires rising high above all.

Zamboanga, including the Moro and other settlements bordering it, contains about fifteen thousand people. The immediate government of this and other towns lies with the governor, who is also mayor, tax collector, and settler of all petty disputes.



MORO WOMAN OF THE LOWER CLASS

We find two principal streets in Zamboanga, running parallel with the shore. The middle of the leading business street is taken up by a canal. Numerous bridges made of teak or mahogany and bamboo arch the canal. The shops of the Chinese merchants and of several Americans who have followed the soldiers are full of attractive wares.

We leave our things at the hotel and, after a rest, and a chat with an officer of the garrison, start for the beach, as a pleasant sea breeze invites us in that direction. The waters are warm, the beach is a good one, the natives are expert swimmers, and a daily bath affords relief from the heat. So this is a popular resort.

The next day, accompanied by an escort, we visit the Moro settlement. On the outskirts we meet a native of the lower class. Her dress consists of a turban and a *breech-cloth*. She is little if any above the savage.

Next we meet several men who are evidently typical Moros. Their skin is a dark brown. They gaze at us with eyes that are small, black and twinkling. They have large, straight noses, somewhat prominent lips, a slight mustache, and a beard that consists of hairs scattered thinly over the face.

They all wear turbans. Some of them have on tight trousers of various colors that do not reach the knees, and a jacket that hangs open in front, showing the naked skin. A few wear shoes but no stockings, and have big straw hats. All are chewing the betel nut, and the red juice stains the corners of their mouths. Every man is armed with a bolo from eight to twelve inches long. Women, also, wear these weapons.

As we pass farther into the village, naked little children, youths, maidens and mothers who are nearly in the garb of nature, appear on every hand. We are evidently as much a source of curiosity to them as they are to us.

Here is one of the four wives of a native. She is chewing betel. Her teeth are blackened and the front



NATIVE BARBER SHOP

ones have been hollowed out by filing, so that they curve outward. This is considered a great addition to one's beauty, and every girl looks forward to the marriageable age of twelve or thirteen, when her teeth may be filed, though the operation is a painful one, and the person undergoing it is very likely to faint.

The black hair of these women is banged in front and gathered into a knot behind. The most fully clothed have strips of cloth tied about their chest, under their armpits, and falling to their knees. In fact, they appear just to have stepped into large bags and gathered the tops around their waists or chests. Now and then one fastens the bag at the waist and wears a jacket. In her girdle is stuck her sharp knife.

We are permitted to look into the house of a Moro gentleman who has five wives. There is but one room. There are no beds, no chairs, no furniture. On the bamboo floor mats are spread at night, each mother gathering her children about her on her mat. The clothing is hung on the rafters. There is no chimney or stove, for none is needed. The warm climate and the abundance of nature make the wants few and easily supplied.

As we go back to the city, the tall cocoanuts, the banana and hemp trees, the orange and lemon trees, and the green coffee bushes set us to inquiring about the soil and productions of the island. Our guide tells us of mountain chains and volcanic peaks, some of which are active; of the Butuan and Rio Grande rivers, with their large and fertile valleys; of thousands of acres covered with forests of mahogany, teak, *gutta percha*, and other valuable trees; of groves of

cocoanut, banana, and hemp trees; and of great fields of rice, sugar, and tobacco.

Then he tells us that "Uncle Sam" owns three farms on the island, containing thirty thousand to forty thousand acres. Two of these are near the city, and one about fifteen miles away. But our time will not permit us to stay longer, so we may not see them.

Nor can we visit the Sulu Archipelago, though its chain of several hundred islands, between the Sulu and the Celebes (səl'e-běz) seas, its strange people and their interesting history, and its friendliness toward efforts to introduce civilization, all make it worthy of study. Sulu, toward the northern end—on which Joro (hō'rō), the capital, is situated—and Tawi-Tawi (tä'wē-tä'wē), near the southern end, are the principal islands.

The inhabitants are Moros, and have always been the boldest pirates and the fiercest fighters of the southern seas. The people of Tawi-Tawi are largely pirates, slave hunters, and slave owners and sellers, though the agreement of the Sultan of Sulu with the United States may some day lead to better things. The government is the same as in Mindanao.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES

The animals of the Philippines are of a peculiar type in most cases. The horses are all ponies—furry little dark or gray fellows that are full of pluck and endurance. They are used for driving and racing, but less often for drafting or riding purposes. Extensive ranches are found in some of the valleys, where the rich grass forms a fine food.

Cattle are also raised upon these ranches, especially in

the central and southern islands. These cattle are small, somewhat resemble Jerseys, and are used as food and as draft animals. A variety that resembles the carabao is used as a steed by the Visayans. The gait of these animals is usually a trot.

The carabao, or water-buffalo, is used chiefly for plowing, especially in the rice fields, and for drawing sleds and carts. The milk is occasionally used for food, but butter is an unknown article among the natives.

The timarau is a peculiar little buffalo found only in the dense jungles of Mindoro Island. Its hair and skin are black, its limbs small and graceful, and its horns large and sharp. It fights viciously, and, if taken captive, will starve rather than be tamed.

Several species of deer are found in considerable numbers, except the mouse-deer, which is smaller than a goat, and not often seen. Goats are common. Hogs, both tame and wild, are numerous, and their flesh forms a large part of the food in the northern islands. Chickens and ducks are very generally found.

Rabbits, goats, monkeys and rats are numerous, the last-named growing to a considerable size, and being very destructive.

To secure relief from rats and mice, pythons are kept between the walls and in the ceilings of dwellings. Visitors are frequently awakened in the night by the noise made by these house-snakes chasing rats.

There are several varieties of birds on the islands, many of them having brilliant plumage. Parrots, bird's-nest swifts (near the coast), pheasants, pigeons, eagles, and a great number of song birds are found. *One of the odd birds is the tree hornbill, which is*

said to close up with mud or clay the hole in which the female is sitting on her nest, leaving only a small opening through which to pass her food.

There are bats here of enormous size, having bodies as large as ducks, and wings two feet or more in length.

Among insects, spiders and cockroaches three or four inches in length are not uncommon; mosquitoes are plentiful and always hungry; and the white and red



THE TREE HORNBILL

ants are a source of great annoyance and loss. It is not unusual for one of these little fellows to make a hole in the leg of a chair or table, into which he is followed by others, and the whole inside is eaten out before the owner is conscious of their presence. In fact, he may first learn of their work by having the chair legs crumble to dust under a slight weight.

The water snakes and the rice-leaf snakes have a poisonous bite. Crocodiles grow to great size here; land and water lizards, or iguanas, grow to a length of from six to eight feet, and are used as food by some; and the coasts are infested with sharks which Moro swimmers will fearlessly attack with their sharp knives.

Fresh and salt-water fish, oysters, and other shellfish are abundant, and form a staple article of food. Oysters yielding both light and black pearls are found in large numbers in the Sulu Islands.

PLANT LIFE

Most of the fruits, flowers, and trees with which we have met on our trips to Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hawaii are also found in the Philippines. Bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, lemons, papayas, shaddocks, limes, guavas, pineapples, figs, custard apples, breadfruit, grapes, and the alligator pear we have already become acquainted with.

The durian (dū'ri-an) has a very objectionable odor, but is regarded as the most delicious-tasting fruit in the whole archipelago. It is six to ten inches long, has a thick, spiny rind, and a custard-like pulp.

The loquat (lō'kwät) looks like a small, yellow plum, but tastes more like an apple. It grows in clusters, upon a tree with large evergreen leaves. If eaten too green, it puckers the mouth like an unripe persimmon; but when fully ripe, it is juicy and very pleasant to the taste.

The mangosteen (mǎng'ō-stēn) grows upon a tree fifteen to twenty feet high. It is about the size of an *apple*, is reddish-brown in color, and has a thick rind.

The pulp is white, juicy, sweet, with an acid tinge, and delightful to the taste.

The litchi (lē'chē') has a tough red skin, rather rough on the outside, and looks something like a strawberry. It has a hard seed in the center, and around this a white pulp which is quite sweet.

These fruits grow wild in the various islands. No serious attempt has yet been made to cultivate or market them, except in the local towns.

The forests of the Philippines are to us a source of constant surprises. They cover from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 acres at least, of which 5,000,000 acres, virgin forests, are in Mindoro and Paragua Islands alone, and over 2,000,000 in Cagayan Province, of northern Luzon. Mindanao is nearly covered with forests.

There are almost 500 species of trees in the archi-



PALMS

pelago, of which 396 have been named. In variety, they include the fruit trees mentioned above, the hemp and banana trees, the quick-growing palms, the ihlang-ihlang (ě-lāng'ě-lāng') with its grateful perfume, and the cinnamon, gutta percha, rubber, and pine, sanan and seventeen other species of dyewoods, and hardwoods of endless variety and many hues.

There are over 300 varieties of hardwoods, 50 or more of commercial value. These trees we often find from 125 to 150 feet high, from 3 to 4 feet, and even 8 feet, in diameter, and with trunks clear of branches for 50 or 60 feet. Mahogany and rosewood boards from 12 to 24 inches broad, and 20 to 40 feet long, are not uncommon. Little has yet been done to utilize this vast source of wealth.

Narra (nār'rā) is a wood resembling mahogany, and, like that wood, is used for making floors, staircases and beds in the houses of the well-to-do. From it, also, are made columns, floors, and ceilings in churches, college buildings, etc. A lighter variety is used for building boats. Teak is used largely in the construction of bridges, and aranga in building wharves, piles, and ships, since it resists the attack of the sea-worm.

These hardwoods are of various colors—light brown, dark brown, red, a beautiful rose-pink, a light yellow, much resembling the bird's-eye maple, a brown-black, like the black walnut, and the solid black of the ebony.

There are immense pine forests in the Cagayan Valley of northeast Luzon, and in the mountains of Luzon, Mindoro, and Mindanao there are cedars of larger growth than any known elsewhere, as logs from two to three feet square and twenty to thirty feet long are

brought to the larger cities and cut up into tobacco boxes.

Flowers in the Philippines grow to immense size, and have gorgeous colors. Roses and tulips grow, not on bushes, but on trees; heliotropes six feet high, with branches five to six feet long, and with a great profusion of odorous blossoms, are found everywhere; geraniums, in endless variety, please the eye; while the lovely, delicate-looking flowers of orange and lemon trees satisfy the taste of the most artistic visitor.

The fire-tree borders many of the streets of the larger towns. It is a large and stately, and when in full bloom forms a mass of huge, glowing-red blossoms. The general effect is that of a vast blaze of burning color.

The soil of the Philippine Islands is exceedingly fertile. There is no bare ground anywhere to be found except on the tops of the volcanoes. The rocks and cliffs, even, are covered with moss and trailing vines. The rapidity with which things grow seems marvelous to visitors. The Chinese raise from seven to ten crops a year on their little farms.

The principal food of many of the people is rice. The cultivation of this grain is not a pleasant occupation, and is usually left to the patient Chinaman. He does not seem to mind the drudgery connected with it.

The cultivating is done by stirring the roots of the plant with a kind of wooden harrow having long teeth. The buffalo ox drags this implement through the mud and water, and the Chinaman follows, steering it

between the rows. He must wade through the flooded rice fields, up to his knees, or even to his neck in water.

The most important product of the Philippines, however, and the one which makes the islands of value to the rest of the world, is manila hemp. It is from this fiber that manila paper is made, and from it, also, are manufactured ropes and cables, and fabrics used for wearing apparel.

The hemp plant is not a plant at all, but a tree that resembles the banana tree. The strippings from the trees are hung out in the sun to dry, and are then pulled under a heavy knife on a block, to separate the fiber from the pulp.

The cleaning is done on the mountains, where the hemp grows. The cleaners go from place to place, carrying their little machines with them. One man can clean only about twenty-five pounds a day; yet the crop is 800,000 bales, or over 200,000,000 pounds a year.

CONCLUSION

Our trip in the Philippines has hurried us about a good deal, because there is so much we wish to see. We have had many difficulties to overcome, but we have escaped capture by the insurgents and by savages, and altogether have had a very pleasant time.

Some day, when the pioneer business man and the pioneer school-teacher, the missionary and the government officials have carried peace, prosperity, and learning to the scattered tribes, we may come back and have a different story to tell.

Pleasant "good-bys" come to us as we take the

little steamer at Manila for another trip across the choppy China Sea, to the "Land of the Celestials." Queues, almond eyes, chinaware, temples, and the Great wall of China will haunt our dreams till they become realities in the next "Little Journey."

Would we like to change places with the little Filipinos, someone asks. Not many of the children of the United States would, I am sure. They would miss the Christmas and Thanksgiving and Fourth of July celebrations and many other pleasant features of their home life.

The children of the Philippines would be frightened by firecrackers and open their eyes very wide to see one of our monster turkeys. The chickens and the horses and even the people of the Philippines are so small. They do not expect candy in their stockings at Christmas time, either, because it would surely melt and run down to the toes and heels of the stockings before the children awoke to get it—that is, if the ants did not eat it first. In place of pumpkin pie and plum pudding, they have boiled rice, and bananas must take the place of our delicious apples and peaches and strawberries and cherries. A stick of sugar-cane takes the place of candy to them.

They have few playthings, but they have some games much like ours. They play with tops and kites, kite fighting being a favorite amusement. They have a game something like foot-ball that is played with a light ball or woven framework of rattan. Since new schools and American teachers